THE HANGOVER

Written by

Jon Lucas & Scott Moore

WB / BAFTA

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EXT. BEL AIR BAY CLUB -- PACIFIC PALISADES, CA -- MORNING

It's a beautiful spring morning in the Palisades. High atop the cliffs, looking out over the Pacific Ocean, sits the exclusive BEL AIR BAY CLUB. Workers bustle about the lawn, setting up a high-end wedding.

A STRING QUARTET warms up. A team of FLORISTS arrange centerpieces. CATERERS set the white linen tables...

INT. BRIDAL SUITE -- DAY

A simple, classic wedding dress hangs on a closet door in this sun-drenched bridal suite. Sitting at the makeup table, surrounded by her bridesmaids, is the beautiful bride, TRACY TURNER, 20's. She's busy doing her makeup.

Just then, Tracy's rich, stern FATHER, 50's, blows in.

MR. TURNER
Any word from *Doug?*

The way he spits out "Doug" tells us all we need to know about how Mr. Turner feels about his future son-in-law.

TRACY
No, but I'm sure he's--

Just then, Tracy's CELLPHONE rings. She quickly answers it.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT -- MORNING

Heat-waves rise off the Mojave. Standing at a lone, dust-covered payphone in the middle of the desert is

VICK LENNON

He's in his late 20's, tall, rugged -- and currently a mess. His shirt is ripped open, his aviator sunglasses are bent, his lip is bloodied, and he clearly hasn't slept in days.

VICK
Tracy, it's Vick.

Parked on the dirt road behind Vick is his near-totalled 1967 Cadillac Deville convertible; it's scratched, dented, filthy -- and missing its passenger side door.

Slouched inside are TWO OTHER GUYS, also looking like hell.

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TRACY
Hey Vick!

VICK
Listen, honey...The bachelor party got a little out of control and, well...we lost Doug.

TRACY
(her jaw dropping)
What?! But we're getting married in like *four hours!*

Vick squints at the rising sun.

VICK
Yeah, that's not gonna happen.

CUT TO:

TITLE OVER BLACK: 40 HOURS EARLIER

CUT TO:

EXT. THE 10 FREEWAY -- DAY

The top down, The Who's "Baba O'Riley" blasting from the stereo, Vick's pristine Cadillac convertible rockets down Highway 10 towards Nevada.

At the wheel is Vick, looking as sharp as his Caddy in a half-open shirt and mint condition aviators.

Sitting shotgun is the groom, DOUG BILLINGS, late 20's, handsome, barefoot, crunchy -- an all around great guy.

Behind Vick sits ALAN MERVISH, late 20's, an anal tax attorney from Connecticut, his Izod shirt tucked into his khakis. He's currently applying sun screen to his forehead.

Next to Alan is STU PRYCE, late 20's, former high school linebacker and lovably dimwitted father of two. He drums the back of the frontseat to the music, totally pumped, like this is his first time out of the house in years. Because it is.

STU
Dude this is already the best weekend ever!

VICK
Stu, relax, we're still on the 10.

STU
Oh, did I show you pictures of my kids?!

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DOUG
No, dude, show 'em.

Stu fishes pictures out of his wallet and eagerly shows them to Doug in the front seat. Doug is clearly the core of this group, the glue that holds these childhood friends together.

STU
Haylee is two, and Kaitlin is already four! Can you believe it?!

DOUG
(smiling at photos)
How cute... Good for you, man.

Doug shows the photos to Vick; he nods, impressed.

VICK
The one on the left is gonna be a hottie. The other one, not so much.

Stu protectively snatches the photos back, muttering:

STU
Jesus, dude, those are my children--

ALAN
(re: sunscreen)
Hey, am I rubbed in?

Stu glances over and sees un-rubbed-in sunscreen all over Alan's face.

STU
Yeah, you're good.

DOUG
Hey so Alan, are you and Becky still together?

But before Alan can answer--

VICK
Of course they are, Doug. Jesus, Alan's been dating Becky for 14 years. When they first met, Alan had braces and soccer hair, and Becky had a functioning hymen. Asking Alan if he's still with Becky is like asking the sun if it still rises in the east.

The guys try not to laugh; Alan scowls.

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DOUG
She still pressuring you to get married?

ALAN
Enh, we've moved past the pressure stage...it's more like aggravated assault stage now? Like at the last wedding we went to, she threw a camera at my head, called me a closet fag, then ran out crying.

The guys wince, oooo.

ALAN (CONT'D)
But we talked, and everything's cool now.

STU
Maybe you could wear a helmet to Doug's wedding.

ALAN
Great idea, Stu. Thanks.

DOUG
(laughing)
So Vick, how's business going?

VICK
Oh, great. Yeah, I'm working on bringing the next big dessert craze to Los Angeles. It's gonna be huge.

DOUG
What is it?

VICK
Bavarian custard. We ran the numbers, and it's gonna be bigger than fro yo.

Doug and Stu nod, impressed; only Alan looks skeptical.

ALAN
Isn't custard like a trillion calories--?

VICK
Our plan is to open three stores in the Valley and then franchise it. Shares are selling fast, but I can probably squeeze you guys in...

WB / BAFTA

DOUG
Yeah, man, count me in.

STU
Me too, man! I love pudding!

Alan just shakes his head, unbelievable.

ALAN
Is this gonna do better than the hip-hop label you started, Vick? Or the topless sushi bar? Or the mobile tattoo parlor--?

VICK
Tattoo-To-You was an idea ahead of it's time, Alan! And don't come crying to me when there's a Custard Cabana on every street corner in America and you didn't buy in--!

DOUG
(laughing)
All right, all right, save it for the party...

Vick and Alan quiet. Stu is still drumming the seat.

STU
Dude! I can't believe I get to party all night, and then, tomorrow ...*I get to sleep in!* It's almost too much! And FYI, if anyone gets really drunk and craps themself, just let me know, I can have you cleaned up and partying again in under three minutes. No joke. I am a master of stool removal...

They rocket off into the desert, LAUGHING...

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "FRIDAY, 5:12 PM"

EXT. LAS VEGAS -- MAGIC HOUR

As the last rays of sun fade, the Cadillac crests the final hill to reveal LAS VEGAS in all its illuminated splendor...

EXT. LAS VEGAS BLVD. -- SUNSET

The Caddy rolls down the famed Strip. We are again reminded of the absurd scale of Las Vegas. The 5,000 room hotels, the eight lane roads, the 60 foot billboards...

WGA BAFTA

EXT. MANDALAY BAY -- NIGHT

The Caddy rolls up to the Mandalay Bay. The guys hop out, exhilarated. Vick throws the key to the VALET...

INT. MANDALAY BAY -- NIGHT

The guys enter the glittering casino four men-wide, all smiling, all exuding vibe. Passing WOMEN sneak glances. Vick slides a drink off a nearby waitress's tray as they make for

THE FRONT DESK

A perfectly pressed LEBANESE MAN waits behind the front desk. Vick strides up, smiling, sunglasses still on.

FRONT DESK MAN
Welcome to the Mandalay Bay.

VICK
Checking in. Lennon comma Victor.

The man types into his computer.

FRONT DESK MAN
Yes, we have you down for a one night stay in an economy suite--

Vick glances at the man's nametag; it reads "ATASHIR."

VICK
Hold it right there, Atashir. This is my best friend from childhood, Douglas Billings. In two days, he is to marry a woman of great beauty and strong teeth, do you understand? A woman of gigantic bosoms who will give him many, many sons...

Atashir looks confused. Alan looks embarrassed.

VICK (CONT'D)
My two other childhood friends have travelled great distances, across many deserts, to be here. This isn't a night in a hotel for us, Atashir: this is a family reunion. Perhaps you too have family situated great distances away, in a foreign country with much sand?

Atashir looks like, sort of...? Vick reaches over the counter and touches his arm, simpatico.

WB / BAFTA

VICK (CONT'D)
Then I have but one question for you, friend: if they came to town, would you put them in an economy suite?

ATASHIR
No, sir.

VICK
Well, then. I think one of us needs to get back on his little computer and find us a suitable room.

Atashir frowns...but types away at his computer.

ATASHIR
All the deluxe rooms are taken. The Dean Martin suite is available, but I'd have to ask my--

VICK
Dean-o will be fine. Send up a case of Cristal, two bottles of Patron, four ahi sandwiches, and a crate of skinless mangos...

Vick turns to the guys:

VICK (CONT'D)
You guys want anything?

The guys stammer, too stunned to speak.

VICK (CONT'D)
And have Jean-Marie cook up a dozen of those duck skewers I like so well. He knows the ones.

ATASHIR
And how would you like to pay?

VICK
American Express.

Atashir looks up to accept the card. After a beat, Vick turns to Alan:

VICK (CONT'D)
Dude, give him your AmEx.

ALAN
What?

WB / BAFTA

VICK
Don't worry, we'll hit you later.

Alan stammers.

VICK (CONT'D)
Dude, come on, I paid for gas. Stop being such a Jew.

Alan stammers some more -- then angrily pulls out his card.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DEAN MARTIN SUITE -- NIGHT

The guys enter the room, jostling; Stu has Doug in a headlock. Then they freeze: the Dean Martin Suite is massive, complete with lounge area, two flat screen TVs, full bar and multiple bedrooms. The guys just gape.

STU
This is bigger than my house.

Vick blows past them, totally unfazed.

VICK
Get dressed, ladies. We're wheels up in ten.

Stu and Doug race off to find their bedrooms, leaving Alan standing alone, just staring at the decadent suite.

ALAN
I am so not getting paid back.

INT. DEAN MARTIN SUITE -- MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Vick enters the bedroom, drops his bag, and starts changing his shirt -- when his cell phone RINGS. He answers.

VICK
This is Vick.

Vick listens -- then grows a bit panicked:

VICK (CONT'D)
He's in Vegas?! You're kidding me!
(wincing)
All right, I'll get it. All right. All right--!

When Stu walks past, Vick turns away and covers the phone, trying to keep the call confidential:

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VICK (CONT'D)
I <u>said</u> all right, dude! How many more times you want me to say all right?!
(beat)
All right. All right.

Vick hangs up, looking uncharacteristically stressed...

INT. THE DEAN MARTIN SUITE -- BATHROOM -- SAME

Doug brushes his teeth while, at the next sink over, Alan selects a facial wash from his highly organized toiletries kit and begins washing his face.

ALAN
So, you ready for Sunday?

DOUG
Yeah. I thought I'd be nervous, but I'm actually just really psyched.

Alan nods, impressed.

ALAN
Tracy's dad still hate you?

DOUG
<u>*Oh*</u> yeah.

ALAN
Any closer to figuring out why?

DOUG
Enh, I think he wanted more for his girl. I mean, I'm a teacher who makes 45 grand a year, and he's a titan of industry who makes 45 grand a <u>day</u>, you know? I sort of get it...
(beat, brushing teeth)
Also, I'm banging his daughter. I'm not sure you ever get past that.

Alan smiles, yeah, there's that. Doug spits out his paste.

DOUG (CONT'D)
You got floss?

Alan gestures towards his toiletries kit. Doug picks it up, starts looking for the floss. Then Alan remembers something -- but it's too late. Doug has found the RING BOX inside Alan's kit, and opened it to reveal a HUGE DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING.

WB / BAFTA

DOUG (CONT'D)
Holy Christ!

Alan quickly reaches for the ring--

ALAN
Ahhh yeah, I wasn't going to tell anyone about that--

Just then, Stu wanders in, wearing only his COLORADO STATE BOXER SHORTS. His gut is sizable.

STU
Anyone got any nipple lube--?
(seeing ring)
Jesus would you look at the size of that thing?!

Stu grabs the ring from Doug.

DOUG
It's Alan's. For Becky.

STU
Jesus, who made this thing? Diddy?

ALAN
(clutching for ring)
Actually, I-I was trying to keep it a secret, so--

Just then Vick blows in, singing, effeminate:

VICK
Boy Party in the bathroooooom--!
(sees ring, snags it)
Miner's cut, 2.6 Carats, slight pink tint, street value: 26, 27K.

Vick studies it in the light. Alan just rubs his temples.

STU
Dude, it's for Becky! Alan's finally going to propose!

VICK
Well gosh-golly, Alan Mervish, good for you! Where'd you get the ring?

ALAN
Oh, it's a family heirloom. My grandmother smuggled it through the Holocaust, actually. I was going to propose to Beck this weekend.

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Doug throws his arm around Alan, happy for him.

DOUG
Well: now we have two things to celebrate!

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: “FRIDAY, 6:10 PM”

EXT. MANDALAY BAY ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

The guys, dressed to the nines, open the steel rooftop door and file out onto the flat tar roof of the Mandalay Bay; Vick is carrying a bottle of Patron and four hotel glasses.

Bringing up the rear, Alan slides a wood block between the door and the frame so they aren’t locked up here.

The guys step out onto the dark, windy roof and take in the stunning panorama...the Strip...the mountains...the countless stars... It’s breathtaking.

STU
Thish is so great! I love you guys!

VICK
Check it out, Stu’s already wasted.

Vick starts refilling everyone’s glasses.

ALAN
We’ve only had two shots, man!

DOUG
Yeah, what happened, Stuey?! You used to be able to drink us all under the table!

STU
Dude, I’m a dad! I don’t have time to get plastered anymore! It blows!
(quickly)
Am I a bad dad for saying that?

DOUG
What? No!

STU
Because my dad was a bad dad.

DOUG
(patting his shoulder)
That’s true, Stuey, but you’re different. We’ve talked about this.

WB / BAFTA

Stu just stares at the guys, glassy-eyed. Beat.

STU
Have I showed you guys pictures of my kids yet--?

ALAN & DOUG & VICK
YES!

Doug laughs and raises his glass for a toast, heartfelt:

DOUG
Little toast: to Tracy, the coolest, kindest, most beautiful woman I've ever met. I can't believe she let me come this weekend -- much less agreed to spend the rest of her life with me. I think both will prove to be massive errors of judgement on her part.

The guys chuckle, hear-hear.

DOUG (CONT'D)
And to being here, with my best friends in the world. There's nowhere else I'd rather be.

The guys raise their glasses, touched.

DOUG (CONT'D)
That said, let's not get too stupid tonight, okay? I'm getting married in 36 hours.

ALAN & STU & VICK
No, no. / We'll be good. / *Totally*, dude.

Doug lowers his glass, laughing, completely unconvinced.

DOUG
I'm serious, dudes! Nothing above the neck -- no piercings, no weird haircuts, no facial tattoos. I gotta look decent on Sunday.

VICK
Jesus, what do you take us for?

DOUG
Vick: you shaved Alan's eyebrows off the night before graduation!

WB / BAFTA

STU
Oh yeah! That was hilarious! And remember when I blacked out at Homecoming and you wrote on my face with permanent marker?! That was awesome! What'd you write again?

ALAN & DOUG & VICK
"Respect me!"

They all laugh. Stu throws his arm around Doug, nostalgic.

STU
Ahh, good times, man. Good times...

VICK
We'll be good tonight, Doug.

ALAN
Seriously, man, we're your friends.

STU
Yeah, we've totally grown up since then.

Doug looks at them, highly dubious, then hoists his glass.

DOUG
Well then...to a night we'll never forget.

They CLINK glasses, shoot their shots, and

SMASH CUT TO:

THE NEXT MORNING

Shafts of white desert sunlight pour into

THE DEAN MARTIN SUITE

THE CAMERA follows a LIVE CHICKEN as it walks through the totalled suite.

Furniture is broken, the minibar ransacked, and the floor is covered with remnants of the night before: empty beer cans, platefuls of room service food, a cowboy hat, the Gideon Bible, half-eaten skinless mangos, a bra, a battle axe, etc.

SNORING on the couch, wearing only his jeans and one shoe, the word ASSHOLE written in Sharpie across his chest, is Stu.

WB / BAFTA

TITLE CARD: “SATURDAY, 11:15AM”

The chicken struts across the top of the couch, until it reaches a plastic coin cup from Bellagio blocking its path. Beat. Then the chicken pecks it off...onto Stu.

The cup hits Stu in the face, and stale beer splashes all over him. Stu spastically jerks awake and flips off the couch, onto a pile of newspapers.

PILE OF NEWSPAPERS
OWW! Get off! Get off! Jesus!

Confused, Stu clambers off the pile of newspapers -- to find Vick sleeping underneath, on the floor, fully dressed. Vick pulls himself onto the couch, clearly in pain.

VICK
Damn, dude, why are you retarded?

Both men are ragingly hungover.

A long beat as both of them rub their faces, then:

VICK (CONT'D)
Um, Stuey?

STU
Yo.

VICK
Why do you have a mullet?

Stu does, in fact, have a mullet haircut. But he’s too hungover to understand.

STU
What?

VICK
You know, business on top, party down the back?

Stu still looks confused. This is excruciating for Vick.

VICK (CONT'D)
Your hair, dude. You have a mullet.

Stu touches his hair. Then he stumbles into the bathroom. After a beat, we hear his voice:

STU (O.S.)
Dude...I have a mullet.

Then we hear ALAN’S VOICE in the bathroom, groggy:

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ALAN (O.S.)
Just give me ten more minutes, Beck...

STU (O.S.)
Whoa, did you sleep in the tub?

Beat, then Stu pokes his head out of the bathroom.

STU (CONT'D)
Check it out: Alan slept in the tub.

VICK
Get him up. I'm hungry.

Stu disappears back into the bathroom. We hear the SHOWER turn on. Beat. Then we hear Alan slowly awaken:

ALAN (O.S.)
Wet. Water. Jesus, what's--?!

There's a THUD as Alan falls out of tub. Beat.

Then Stu and a very confused, very hungover, very <u>wet</u> Alan stumble out of the bathroom.

Alan appears to be wearing his polo shirt from the night before. Only, as we PULL BACK, we see that his shirt is cut off at his chest -- he's <u>naked</u> from there down.

VICK
Jesus, dude, put away your <u>sack</u>.

Alan looks down at his hairy nakedness, totally bewildered.

STU
Yeah, and it might be time for some manscaping, bro. Your bush looks like <u>Yanni</u>.

Alan looks back up again, squinting, hungover.

ALAN
What did we <u>do</u> last night?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

The guys, now dressed, stagger out of their suite moments later. Stu walks incredibly bow-legged, like an aging cowboy.

STU
Dude, why is my ass <u>*killing*</u> me...?

WB / BAFTA

INT. ELEVATOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Looking like crap, the guys silently descend in the elevator.

BING! The elevator opens to expose a NICE-LOOKING COUPLE waiting to get on. They see the guys and immediately step away from the elevator.

MAN
We'll...we'll get the next one.

The doors close. The guys continue to descend. Beat.

VICK
We might not smell very good.

The guys shake their heads, yeah, no.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANDALAY BAY -- BREAKFAST BUFFET -- DAY

The guys slouch in a booth, shoveling masses of buffet food into their mouths, washing it down with huge mugs of coffee.

STU
This might be the worst hangover anyone has ever had, ever.

ALAN
I can't taste anything.

VICK
Please stop talking. If I don't focus on eating I'm going to throw up all over myself.

The guys nod, right. They keep eating. After a long while:

ALAN
Hey... Are we missing something?

The guys all slowly look around. Then Stu points at Alan:

STU
Yes: I left my hat in the room -- thank you, Alan.

They continue eating. Alan looks up again, still troubled.

ALAN
No. That's not it... There's something else...

Vick nods at Stu as he stuffs food in his mouth.

WB / BAFTA

VICK
You gonna finish that cruller?

Stu shakes his head, no. Vick takes it, packs it into his already stuffed mouth. Then Alan realizes:

ALAN
Doug. Guys, where's Doug?

The guys look around. Hunh.

STU
Yeah. He's not here.

VICK
Probably left him in the room.

Vick pulls out his cell phone, starts dialing.

VICK (CONT'D)
I'll call his cell.

Then a phone RINGS in Stu's pocket. He answers:

STU
Good morning, this is Stu?

VICK
It's me, meatdick.

STU
(to Alan, concerned)
It's Vick--

Then Stu realizes. Oh.

STU (CONT'D)
This is Doug's phone.

Vick nods, *ya*. He's already dialing another number.

ALAN
You calling the room?

Vick nods, uh-huh. He lets it ring, rubbing his temples. Then he hangs up.

VICK
No answer.

Vick goes back to eating. Alan frowns.

ALAN
Ummm...shouldn't we look for him?
Check-out is in like ten minutes.

WB / BAFTA

STU
Yeah, and we told Tracy we'd have Doug back to LA by five.

Vick just looks at both of them, his mouth full of food:

VICK
I'm eabing.

ALAN
What an asshole. Stu, check the pool and the casino, I'll check the room and the gym. Maybe he's working out or something...

Stu nods, and they slowly slide out of the booth.

ALAN (CONT'D)
And Vick, if you could keep a close eye on the buffet, that'd be really helpful. Thanks, man.

Alan and Stu saunter off. Vick yells after them, mouth full:

VICK
HE'S FIME! YOU'RE OBERWEACTING!

Vick scowls, and angrily takes Alan's last cruller.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN MARTIN SUITE -- MOMENTS LATER

Alan weaves through the totalled suite, half-awake.

ALAN
Doug...? Doug...? Wake up, man.

Alan enters the bedroom where Doug slept, and stops. It takes him a second to realize what's wrong:

THE BED IS MISSING

There are four indentations on the carpet where it once lay. Alan scratches his head.

ALAN
That's weird...

CUT TO:

WB / BAFTA

EXT. MANDALAY BAY -- POOL -- DAY

Stu, walking bow-legged, squinting painfully in the bright sun, tries to inspect everyone lying around the huge pool. Doug? Doug? Several HOT WOMEN in bikinis sit up, disgusted!

STU
No, no. It's cool, I'm a dad. It's totally cool...

CUT TO:

INT. GYM -- DAY

Alan stumbles through the gym, looking for Doug. The place is packed with fit people, working out. Alan mumbles to himself:

ALAN
I hate you all...

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO FLOOR -- NICKEL SLOTS

Stu wanders through the casino, calling out, incredibly loud:

STU
DOUG! DOUG!

Two GAY MEN in identical tank tops pass by, holding hands.

GAY MAN
Hey Stu.

STU
Hey guys. DOUG! DOUG--!

Then Stu registers what just happened. He stops and turns around -- enh? -- but the gay men are gone.

Before he can comment, however, he sees Vick and Alan talking to Atashir at

THE RECEPTION DESK

He slowly bow-legs himself over.

STU
You find Doug?

ALAN
No, I assume you didn't either?

Stu shakes his head, no. Then Atashir hangs up his phone.

WB / BAFTA

ATASHIR
There is no Doug Billings at any of the area hospitals, morgues, or police stations.

The guys frown, starting to grow worried.

STU
Maybe he went for a jog?

ALAN
Dude. It's 120 degrees outside.

STU
Or shopping?

The guys just look at him like: you're an idiot.

ALAN
Great. So we've officially lost Doug. His wedding is in what, 22 hours?

VICK
Relax, it's Doug, he's probably crashed out on someone's couch right now. All we have to do is retrace our steps from last night, and we'll find him.

ALAN
Okay, so last night...

The guys wince, trying to remember. It's painful to think.

VICK
Well, we started on the roof...

ALAN
Right, that was like, 6ish...?

VICK
Then...I think...we had steaks at the Palm?

ALAN
Yeah. Then...we played craps at the Hard Rock...maybe?

VICK
That sounds right...

Stu throws up his arms, already giving up.

WB / BAFTA

STU
Okay, honestly? I don't even remember going to dinner.

VICK
I vaguely recall...doing body shots ....at some point? Is that...maybe?

ALAN
I'm pretty much blank after The Hard Rock.

VICK
I think we went to the Flamingo after that...? And then, I just remember a lot of blue light...and the overpowering smell of baby oil.

ALAN
So that was what, 10ish?

VICK
Give or take.

STU
Was Doug still with us?

Vick rubs his temples, trying to fight through the hangover.

VICK
Yes. Yes. Doug was with us. I tackled him...for some reason.

The guys nod, okay, okay.

ALAN
Okay. So we only have a 13 hour window where we could've lost him.

They guys frown. Shit. Stu puts his hands into his pockets, thinking... Then he feels something. A matchbook.

He pulls it out. It's from The Flamingo Nightclub.

STU
Hey! Look, we *were* at the Flamingo.

A long beat of silence...

Then the guys hurry to an empty BLACKJACK TABLE and start emptying their pockets of the detritus from the night before. They find matchbooks, receipts, room keys, a valet ticket...

WB / BAFTA

ALAN
ATM receipt from the Rio at 10:37--
(reading it)
For 600 dollars?!

VICK
The valet ticket says we returned here at 4:57AM.

STU
We drove last night?

The guys wince, jesus...

ALAN
Here's a receipt from Sbarro. The meal was comped for some reason--

VICK
Why do we have a matchbook from The Golden Pony All Male Revue?

The guys exchange a look, alarmed.

ALAN
Someone could've given that to us.

STU
(laughing, nervous)
Yeah, totally! There's no way we went there! We're not gay! Hahaha!

They frown, then stare at all the clues lined up on the blackjack table.

ALAN
I think we should call Tracy.

VICK
Absolutely not.

ALAN
What if Doug called her? She might know where he is.

Stu shifts uncomfortably, tenderly adjusting his ass.

STU
Yeah, I'm with Alan on this one.

VICK
Of course you're with Alan, you're both gutless cowards. But we're not calling Tracy. You *never* call the bride from the bachelor party.
(MORE)

WB / BAFTA

VICK (CONT'D)
Ever. If my balls were on fire and Tracy was sitting next door with a tall glass of water, I *still* wouldn't call her. It's a rule.

ALAN
But shouldn't we at least tell her we're gonna be getting home late?

VICK
She has a watch, she'll figure it out.

ALAN
I think I'm beginning to see why you're always single.

VICK
And I think I'm beginning to see why you're always a douche--

STU
(clutching his ass)
Guys, wait. I need your help -- *oh my God* -- like right now. Come on.

ALAN
Jesus, what is it?

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Vick and Alan unhappily stand in the lavish, gold-ensconsed men's room, watching Stu painfully undo his jeans.

VICK
I can't believe we're doing this.

STU
You don't have to look up my butt, just at it. Something is terribly, terribly wrong...

Stu's jeans fall to the ground -- and everyone freezes.

He's wearing a snug FLUORESCENT PINK G-STRING with "I ♥ ROGER" written vertically down the front. In glitter.

ALAN
Sweet mother of mercy...

VICK
Who's Roger?

WB / BAFTA

STU
I-I-I don't know?! What do you think it means?!

VICK
What do I think it means? Well, Stuart, your ass is all torn up and you're wearing thong underwear declaring your love for another dude -- I don't think we need the CSI team for this one! *You got reamed last night, man!*

Stu covers his mouth, horrified!

ALAN
I'm sure there's a perfectly logical explanation for this...

STU
Really?! What?!

Alan tries to think of one.

ALAN
Yeah, maybe there isn't.

VICK
Look, I'm sure Roger is a very nice, considerate young man--

STU
Oh my God, guys: *what if I'm gay?!*

VICK
Come on, Stu, you're nowhere near cool enough.

STU
(gasping, realizing)
I do watch *Dancing With The Stars* with the kids!

ALAN
Oh god, that doesn't mean you're gay.

VICK
But sort of...it does?

Stu grows increasingly frantic.

STU
And once, I caught myself gazing at a topless photo of David Beckham!

WB / BAFTA

ALAN
So what, he's a great-looking dude--

STU
And then I had those weird feelings for Vick that time in middle school, remember?!

Everyone stops. Vick most of all.

VICK
Um, what?

STU
Yeah, that weekend we were all camping -- I told you this.

VICK
Yeah, no you didn't.

STU
I didn't?

VICK
I think I'd remember, dude.

ALAN
Yeah, I think we'd all remember.

STU
Yeah. I had weird feelings for you that weekend. Like really hot, really gay feelings. But then they went away.

Vick is just looking at him, stunned.

ALAN
Wait -- *I* was there that weekend. Did you have gay feelings for me?

VICK
Unbelievable.

ALAN
What?! I was a good-looking kid!

VICK
Please, you're so not his type!

STU
Wait, what?

Just then, a FATHER and his YOUNG SON enter the men's room and see Stu standing there, pants down, in his G string...

WB / BAFTA

VICK
Look, Stu, one homosexual experience doesn't mean you're permanently gay, okay? A lot of guys test the waters.

...the FATHER and SON wheel right back around and exit.

ALAN
All right, we're scaring the children. Let's go.

The guys head for the door. Stu quickly pulls up his pants.

STU
Wait -- so have either of you tested the waters?

VICK
No! We're not *gay!*

Stu looks highly confused as he follows them out onto

THE CASINO FLOOR

The guys power through the crowded casino, towards the exit. Stu tries to keep up, genuinely concerned.

STU
How am I going to tell my wife?

VICK
Quickly, and from a great distance.

Alan's hand accidentally hits a brass railing and CLINKS...

STU
Jesus, what kind of father am I?

Alan's hand CLINKS against the railing again, and this time it registers. Alan looks down -- and stops cold.

ALAN
Oh my God.

STU
(really scared)
You think Erin will try to take the kids--?

ALAN
Oh...my...God.

WB / BAFTA

VICK
(turning, annoyed)
What now?

Alan holds up the source of his CLINKING: on his ring finger is a huge, tacky, silver WEDDING RING with a unicorn on it.

STU
(not getting it)
Cool ring. Also, my Dad is gonna have a field day with this.

Vick, however, recognizes the implications of the ring, and starts back towards Alan.

VICK
Oh my God... Oh my God...

STU
What's the big--?
(finally realizing)
Oh! OH! *OH!*

Alan steadies himself against a SLOT MACHINE, and shakily takes off the massive unicorn ring.

STU (CONT'D)
Maybe it's not a wedding ring?

ALAN
(reading inscription)
"To My Noble Husband, Alan."

The guys eyes bulge, oh shit!

STU
This is worse than my underwear!

Vick takes the ring and reads the rest of the inscription:

VICK
"Now & Forever Wedding Chapel."

They guys exchange a look.

VICK (CONT'D)
Well, at least it's a lead.

Beat. Then Alan turns and THROWS UP all over the slot machine. Nearby OCTOGENARIAN SLOT PLAYERS look over, disgusted -- but continue playing their nickels.

CUT TO:

WB / BAFTA

EXT. MANDALAY BAY -- VALET STAND -- DAY

The three guys exit the hotel looking like crap. Vick hands his ticket to the valet. Alan chews mint gum.

VICK
So, we go to the wedding chapel, we find out what we did with Doug, we recover him, and we're back in LA before sundown. Easy as Stu's ass.

No one laughs. Tense SILENCE as they wait for the car.

STU
Check it out, some idiot threw his bed out the window last night.

Stu points over at a huge stone GRIFFIN in front of the hotel with an ENTIRE BED impaled upon its ear.

ALAN
That was us, dude.

STU
Really?

ALAN
Yeah, there's no bed in Doug's room.

STU
(frowning)
Oh. Well, I'm sure we had a good reason for doing it.
(beat)
You think they'll charge us for--?

ALAN
Yeah, Stu, I really do.

VICK
Guys, relax. Everything's gonna be cool...

Just then the Valet drives up in

VICK'S DESTROYED CADILLAC

The exterior is scratched and filthy, like it's been off-roading. The hubcaps are gone, as is the front passenger side door. A wisp of STEAM trails up from under the hood.

The guys just stand there, agape.

WB / BAFTA

STU
You okay, Vick?

VICK
I'm not emotionally prepared to talk about it just yet, Stuart, but thank you.

Vick dons his sunglasses and heads for his destroyed car...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE GUYS ROLLING DOWN THE STRIP

in their ridiculous car. Cars full of FAMILIES, cute GIRLS, even NUNS, point and stare. Our guys just face forward, each quietly suffering in their own personal Hell.

ALAN
Seriously: what am I gonna tell Becky? For 14 years she's been begging me to get married...

VICK
Well, now you did. Just not to her.

Alan glowers at the city going by... Then he sits up--

ALAN
Wait, is that homeless guy wearing Doug's shirt?

The guys turn to see a HOMELESS GUY weaving down the sidewalk in Doug's DISTINCTIVE ORANGE SHIRT from the night before.

Once they pass, the guys exchange a look.

STU
Naaah.

VICK
Yeah, that was a different shirt.

Alan doesn't look so sure. They drive in silence. Then:

VICK (CONT'D)
Left turn.

Stu, sitting shotgun, braces against the empty doorframe so as not to fall out of the car as they turn left...

WB / BAFTA

EXT. NOW & FOREVER WEDDING CHAPEL -- DAY

Sitting in an East Vegas strip mall, sandwiched between a laundromat and a pawn shop, is the pink Now & Forever Wedding Chapel. The Cadillac parks in the lot out front.

INT. NOW & FOREVER WEDDING CHAPEL -- DAY

Everything in the small, tacky wedding chapel is white plastic. White plastic plants, white plastic cross, white plastic chairs. The guys enter.

ALAN
What if they don't remember us--?

VOICE BEHIND THEM
AAAAYYYYY!

The guys turn to find the hirsute owner of the chapel, STEVE GIANOPOLUS, 40's, in a tight white suit, his arms spread wide. Steve is all Vegas, by way of Long Island.

STEVE
How are you, you dumb bastards?!

He warmly hugs the guys. They have zero memory of him, and it shows as they hug back weakly, unfamiliar...

STEVE (CONT'D)
CARLA, GET YOUR FAT ASS OUT HERE!
ALAN AND THE BOYS ARE HERE!
(to the guys)
You here to pick up your wedding photos?!

Alan starts to decline, when--

VICK
Does the pope wear a funny hat?!
Let's do this thing!

Steve CACKLES and guides them over to a table; Alan scowls.

STEVE
And where is Chastity today?

They all sit on white plastic chairs.

ALAN
W-Who's...Chastity?

STEVE
(laughing)
Your wife, man--! AWW, you're just breaking my balls!

WB / BAFTA

Alan looks ill. Laughing, Steve retrieves a folder and starts laying out a series of WEDDING PHOTOS on the table. Vick eagerly peruses them, enjoying this.

VICK
Uh, it was *such* a lovely ceremony, wasn't it?

STEVE
Hand to God, I've never seen two people more in love!

VICK
Sadly, I believe you...

The guys look at the photos of Alan's wedding from the night before. They're typical wedding shots, only the guys are all wearing MEDIEVAL COSTUMES, swords, bows, tights, even armor. They look incredibly happy -- and incredibly *drunk*.

The next photo is of Alan and his BUSTY BLONDE BRIDE. She's having a blast in a white medieval gown and tiara.

VICK (CONT'D)
Hello, Chastity...

Alan just closes his eyes, oh God.

ALAN
I am never...ever...drinking again.

STU
Jesus, she is *stacked*.

VICK
Stu, please, show some class. That's Alan's wife you're talking about.

STU
(to Alan, guilty)
Sorry. She looks really nice.

But Alan is too busy gaping at the next photo, of him and Chastity atop a UNICORN in the chapel. (It is, of course, a rented pony with a lame horn strapped to its head.)

ALAN
We got a *unicorn?!*

STEVE
Oh, yeah, you got the entire Double Camelot Package.

Alan just rubs his temples, oh no.

WB / BAFTA

ALAN
A-And how much did that cost?

STEVE
7 thousand dollars.

Alan closes his eyes. Stu and Vick exchange a look, no way!

STEVE (CONT'D)
Yeah, you didn't want to get it, either, but Vick insisted.

Beat. Then Alan pounces across the table at Vick!

ALAN
I'm gonna kill you!

VICK
(fending him off)
You can't put a pricetag on love, Alan! *OW!* You just can't!

Stu hops up and starts pulling Alan off of Vick.

VOICE BEHIND THEM
STOP FIGHTING IMMEDIATELY!

The guys straighten like schoolboys as Steve's wife CARLA, 40's, enters. She's wearing a toga, smoking a menthol, and dollying in several large CARDBOARD BOXES. Then she grins:

CARLA
Ahhh! I'm just busting your nuts!

She lowers the dolly and hurries over for hugs.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Good to see you, you stupid mooks!

Stu and Alan force smiles, no idea who this woman is. Vick, on the other hand, steps forward and hugs her tightly.

VICK
It's good to be seen, Carla. It's good to be seen.

CARLA
I brought the rest of your package.

Carla begins unloading things from the cardboard boxes.

CARLA (CONT'D)
First: Two dozen commuter mugs...

WB / BAFTA

She unpacks 24 COMMUTER MUGS with Alan and Chastity's photo emblazoned on them. Alan winces, oh god. Stu grabs one:

STU
No way! Awesome!

STEVE
A hundred DVDs of the ceremony...

She lays out the stacks of DVDs. Vick nods at Alan:

VICK
For you and Chastity to watch on your anniversary...

Alan just clenches his jaw, *I fucking hate you.*

CARLA
The velvet wall hanging...

She pulls out a six foot air-brushed velvet WALL HANGING of Alan and Chastity riding the unicorn together in outer space.

VICK
And it looks like real velvet, Alan, so no machine wash, okay?

CARLA
And the big finish:

Vick and Stu do a DRUMROLL on the table, excited...

Then Carla pulls out a FOUR FOOT BRONZE SHIELD with a bas-relief of Alan and Chastity MAKING OUT on it. Alan just closes his eyes.

STU
HOLY CRAP!

VICK
DUDE, YOU HAVE A *SHIELD!*

STU
I want a shield!

VICK
Me too! Hey, can Stu and I get a shield?

ALAN
I don't suppose you have any sort of return policy, do you?

WB / BAFTA

STEVE
Um...if you know another couple who looks exactly like you guys, and who want two dozen commuter mugs, a wall hanging, and a shield...sure.

Alan scowls. Then his cellphone RINGS. He angrily answers it without looking at the Caller ID.

ALAN
What.

We hear someone YELLING AT HIM. Alan's eyes bulge.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Oh, hey Becky! Hi!

He steps away to take the call. Vick explains to Carla:

VICK
That's his girlfriend of 14 years. I'm sure this'll only take a minute...

Vick and Stu go back to looking at the wedding photos as Alan tries to talk to his furious girlfriend.

INTERCUT WITH:

BECKY

in her Laura Ashley bedroom, angrily packing up her suitcase. She's beautiful and preppy in pearls and a sweater set.

BECKY
Can you tell me why all the goddamn credit cards are maxed out?!

ALAN
No! I-I have no idea--!

Then Vick calls over from the white plastic table, pissed:

VICK
HEY ALAN, HOW COME I WASN'T YOUR BEST MAN, DUDE!

STU
YEAH, WHAT THE HELL, ME EITHER! WHY'D YOU PICK DOUG?!

Alan waves at them, *shut the hell up!* But Becky has heard.

WB / BAFTA

BECKY
"Your best man?!" What's going on there, Alan?!

ALAN
Nothing! Baby, nothing, the GUYS ARE JUST BEING DICKS!

VICK
HEY ALAN, YOU WANT ALL YOUR WALLET-SIZED WEDDING PHOTOS, OR CAN I BOGART A FEW?!

Alan furiously flips them off, shut up!

BECKY
I really don't appreciate being mocked right now, Alan, especially about wedding-related issues. You know how hard this weekend is going to be for me.

ALAN
I know, baby! I know--

BECKY
So you'll call the credit card company and straighten this out?

ALAN
Yes. I will. I promise.

BECKY
Okay. Okay...
(beat, calming)
Look, sorry I'm so tense... I'll see you soon, okay? Love you.

But Alan is just staring at the BRONZE SHIELD of him making out with his blonde bombshell wife...

BECKY (CONT'D)
Alan? *Hello?* I said I love you?!

ALAN
Yes, no, I love you too!

Becky hangs up, rolling her eyes, unbelievable.

STAY WITH ALAN as he closes his cellphone. Exhales.

STU
Hey, how's Becky doing, man?!

WB / BAFTA

VICK
Yeah, did she ask about us?!

Off of Alan's hate-filled glare, we

CUT TO:

STEVE AND THE GUYS SCHLEPPING ALL OF THE WEDDING CRAP

through the strip mall parking lot, back to their car. Alan sullenly carries the GIANT BRONZE SHIELD.

STU
Look on the bright side, Alan. Vick found a great clue.

VICK
Turns out Doug was in all the wedding photos, which means -- if the time stamp was right -- we had him in our possession until 11 pm.

STU
That's another hour of last night that we can account for. Isn't that great?

ALAN
(bitterly sarcastic)
Amazing.

VICK
Hey, Steve, you don't happen to know where we were heading when we left here last night, do you?

STEVE
Well, the Double Camelot Package comes with a five course wedding feast, so I assume you went there.

STU
Great -- where was the feast?

STEVE
Sbarro, over in the Fremont mall.

CUT TO:

ALAN (V.O.)
I paid 7 grand for Sbarro?!

WB / BAFTA

INT. VICK'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

The beatup Caddy is packed with wedding crap. Vick is busy trying to reverse the overloaded car out of the parking spot. Stu's in the backseat with the huge shield, while Alan seethes up front.

VICK
Your negativity is like a little black cloud over our car, Alan. You've got to let go of this.

ALAN
Let go of *what*, exactly, Vick?! The fact that I married a complete stranger last night? Or that my girlfriend's about to leave me? Or that I'm broke? Which one?!

VICK
You're broke? I thought you were loaded--

ALAN
I know you think it's like terminally uncool to be in a committed relationship, Vick, but I actually love Becky, okay?
(sincere)
I-I honestly don't know what I'd do without her...I really don't...

Alan looks off, lost, sick. Vick stops the car short.

VICK
Alan. Honey. Have you considered, even for a second, that maybe the things we do when we're drunk are what we secretly want to do?

ALAN
(dripping with sarcasm)
Yeah, no, you're absolutely right, Vick, I've always secretly wanted to marry a bottle blonde with big fake melon tits named Chastity!

STU
I ain't mad atcha, dude...

WB / BAFTA

VICK
Or, after 14 years, maybe you don't have the balls to leave Becky, and this is your way of getting her to leave you.

ALAN
I was going to *propose* to her this weekend, you jackass!

VICK
All the more reason to freak out.

Alan opens his mouth to respond, but nothing comes out. Vick nods, chew on that, and continues slowly reversing the car.

VICK (CONT'D)
I love you, Alan Mervish, I do, but you've always had a major pole up your ass. Maybe last night was your inner cool person trying to get out-

ALAN
I swear to God, Vick, if you say one more word to me, I will *destroy* you.

STU
Guys, come on, let's not use our angry words--

SMASH!

A baseball bat SHATTERS the windshield! The guys all jump! Vick slams on the brakes!

VICK
What the--?!

They look up to see two MASSIVE SAMOAN MEN in loud Hawaiian shirts, KALOLO FANALUA and KIKIOLANI, 30's, standing on either side of the car. And they look pissed.

KALOLO FANALUA
Get out of the car, Vick.

Stu and Alan recoil in terror.

STU
Who are these guys?!

VICK
Stu, please.
(to Kalolo Fanalua)
(MORE)

WB / BAFTA

VICK (CONT'D)
I think there's been some sort of mistake, Mister...?

KALOLO FANALUA
I'm Mr. Shut The Hell Up And Get The Hell Outta The Car, and this is my associate, Mr. Smash You In The Teeth If You Say Another Word.

VICK
(beat, to Alan)
Those so aren't their real names.

ALAN
Vick, don't be a dick--!

VICK
Alan? Relax. These men aren't going to hurt us. They're from Hawaii.

SMASH! SMASH! SMASH!

Kikiolani starts viciously smashing the car!

KALOLO FANALUA
We're from Guam, bitch! Now get outta the car!

VICK
Okay, okay! Cool it with the bat! *Jesus, why is everyone trying to kill my car...?*

Vick undoes his seatbelt and reaches for his door handle. Kikiolani lowers his bat -- and Vick throws the door open, right into his nuts! The huge Samoan staggers back, OWWW, and Vick slams his door shut and

FLOORS IT OUT OF THERE IN REVERSE!

The Caddy sideswipes a car, hops the curb, and lands on the street! They SQUEAL AWAY, the huge bronze shield flying out of the backseat as they do! It CLATTERS on the pavement...

EXT. EAST VEGAS STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Vick drives like the wind, trying to see around the huge SPIDERWEB in the windshield. Alan and Stu are freaking out.

ALAN
Why'd you do that?!

VICK
(incredulous)
Really?

WB / BAFTA

STU
Maybe they just wanted to talk!

VICK
I honestly don't know how you two are still alive.

ALAN
Do you think we stole something from them last night?!

STU
Oh my god I am *such* a bad dad!

ALAN
(producing cellphone)
I'm calling the police. This is getting *way* out of control--

VICK
No! No cops!

ALAN
"No cops?!" Who are you, Fitty Cent?!

STU
Yeah, Vick, what's going on?

VICK
Nothing! I just think we should focus on finding Doug and not get distracted by every little thing!

ALAN
Every little thing?! We were just assaulted by the Yakuza!

VICK
Oh please, those guys are from Guam. Get a grip.

ALAN
They knew your name, Vick! Which means they probably know who Stu and I are, too!

STU
If anything ever happened to my family, Vick...

WB | BAFTA

VICK
Fine. Let's just go back to the hotel -- Doug is probably back from wherever he spent the night, we'll get him, we'll straighten out whatever we did to those angry Samoans, then we'll get the hell back to LA, okay? Left turn.

Vick angrily takes a harder-than-necessary left turn. Alan hangs on tight, almost flying out of the car.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "SATURDAY, 2:26 PM"

INT. DEAN MARTIN SUITE -- DAY

The boys hurry into their room, stressed.

VICK
Doug? Doug?

Alan quickly checks the room phone.

ALAN
No messages.

STU
Come on, let's toss the place.

Alan starts wading through the crap in the living room, while Vick and Stu head off to check the bedrooms...

INT. BEDROOM

Stu brushes aside beer bottles and room service dishes, looking for anything relevant. He spots a LEGAL CONTRACT on the ground. Picks it up.

STU
Hey, check it out, Vick! I invested 30 grand in your custard store last night!

Vick calls from the other bedroom.

VICK (O.S.)
Smart move, man.

Stu opens the closet door -- and freezes.

STU
Hey, you wanna come in here a sec?!

WB / BAFTA

Vick enters a moment later to find Stu staring into the closet. Vick follows his gaze and sees a SEXY WOMAN snoring away on the closet floor, her blonde hair obscuring her face.

VICK
Whoa.

STU
You think she's what those Guamian dudes wanted?

VICK
No. I think she's Alan's wife.

Stu covers his mouth, oh shit! Vick produces the wallet-sized photos from Alan's wedding, compares them, and nods.

VICK (CONT'D)
Alan? Wanna step in here, buddy?

A second later Alan enters, what's up?

VICK (CONT'D)
Alan, Chastity. Chastity, Alan.

Alan looks down, sees Chastity SNORING on the closet floor, her body all contorted, and freezes. Oh my God.

ALAN
What...what am I supposed to do?

STU
Wake her up, man!

ALAN
Why me?!

VICK
Because she's your spouse, dude!

Scowling, Alan slowly crouches down. Then, a little scared, he nudges her. Nothing. He nudges her harder.

VICK (CONT'D)
Pinch her tit. It always works.

Alan shakes her a bit harder and -- BRRAPPPP -- the girl lets out a massive burp and awakens, COUGHING. Alan jumps back up, terrified. The woman, CHASTITY, looks around, disoriented.

CHASTITY
Dang, did I sleep in the closet again...?

WB / BAFTA

Then she notices the guys staring down at her. She smiles, recognizing them:

CHASTITY (CONT'D)
Oh hey, guys! What's up?

She shakily climbs to her feet to expose a skimpy skirt, a snug tube top, and mascara smeared all over her face.

The guys have no idea what to say. She kisses Alan on the cheek, very intimate -- like, well, a husband and wife.

CHASTITY (CONT'D)
Morning, honey...

She exits into the living room, picking her wedgie.

Beat. Alan is speechless.

STU
She seems really cool.

VICK
Yeah, I really like her, man.

INT. DEAN MARTIN SUITE -- LIVING ROOM

Chastity gathers her belongings -- jacket, purse, G string -- from around the totalled living room. The guys file in.

VICK
So, um, did you take Alan's name?

STU
Yeah, are you Chastity Mervish now--?

ALAN
Listen to me. Just...did we, or did we not, have sex last night?

Alan braces, *please say no, please say no...*

Vick braces, *please say yes, please say yes...*

CHASTITY
Well...*ya*?

Alan slumps, his life over. Vick pumps his fist, YES!

CHASTITY (CONT'D)
But we waited til we were married.

Alan GROANS.

WB / BAFTA

VICK
What a responsible, upstanding young Jew. They don't make 'em like that anymore, am I right?

Chastity smiles, sweet, as she straps on her 6 inch heels.

CHASTITY
I know -- he even wanted to use a *rubber*.

Alan breaks into a COUGHING FIT.

ALAN
Wait-- we didn't use a condom?!

CHASTITY
It's cool, I sponge.

Alan leans against a wall, dizzy.

ALAN
Can someone...please open a window?

Stu turns and tries to open a window. No luck.

STU
They don't open.

CHASTITY
So you guys don't remember any of last night?

VICK
Yeah, not so much.

CHASTITY
Hey, been there before, right?
(grabbing her sizable bra)
Sucks, though. The wedding was really fun. I'm bummed you don't remember it, Alan.

She smiles, a little saddened. Stu whispers to Alan:

STU
Dude, I think your wife's mad at you.

VICK
You don't happen to remember what time we met you last night, do you?

WB / BAFTA

CHASTITY
Sure, we met at the bar at like 10:00? Then we got married on my smoke break, which was like 11:00?

VICK
It's the All-American love story, isn't it? What happened next?

CHASTITY
Well, I had to go back to work. But when I got off at 5:30, I met up with you guys back here.

VICK
And was Doug with us then?

CHASTITY
No.

VICK
Interesting... Do you have any idea where we went after the wedding?

CHASTITY
No, but I bet some of my work friends do. You were partying with them pretty hard.

STU
Work friends?

SMASH CUT TO:

STRIPPERS

Dozens of 'em, dancing, grinding, shimmying on poles.

INT. CRAZY HORSE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB -- DAY

Chastity leads the guys through Vegas's Most Notorious Strip Club, The Crazy Horse. It's bacchanalia writ large, complete with throbbing music, flashing strobe lights, and six stages of spinning flesh. The place is mobbed with PATRONS.

Alan follows after Chastity, horrified.

ALAN
You ***work*** here?

Behind him, Vick SLAPS FIVE with Stu, psyched.

CHASTITY
Yeah -- and this is the pole where we first met!

WB / BAFTA

She stops at a pole, around which a BRUNETTE STRIPPER currently spins. Alan looks ill.

CHASTITY (CONT'D)
It's always been my lucky pole...

ALAN
Look, I don't know how to tell you this, but--

CHASTITY
HEY PLATINUM, CHECK IT OUT!

She holds up her hand, showing off ALAN'S GRANDMOTHER'S RING to the stripper currently upside-down on the pole.

PLATINUM THE STRIPPER
Get it, girl!

CHASTITY
Come on, let's go meet my bridesmaids!

She hurries off, but Alan can't move.

STU
Dude.

VICK
I know.

ALAN
The Holocaust, man.

Alan just stares into space. Vick takes him by the shoulder.

VICK
Look, we can get your grandmother's ring back. We just gotta go about it in the right way.

ALAN
I have besmirched my people.

STU
Don't be so hard on yourself, dude--

Just then Chastity runs back over with two BLONDE STRIPPERS.

CHASTITY
These were my bridesmaids, Anastasia and Starr!

STARR
Hey, boys! Good to see you again!

WB / BAFTA

ANASTASIA
Mazel Tov--!

ALAN
Please...don't.

Just then a SPOTLIGHT finds Chastity and Alan, and the SLEAZY PONYTAILED DJ up in the booth comes over the P.A. system:

STRIP CLUB D.J.
OKAY, GUYS! LET'S GIVE A CRAZY HORSE SHOUT-OUT TO OUR HAPPY NEW COUPLE, *CHASTITY* AND *ALANNNN*!

The entire club CHEERS! Chastity holds up her wedding ring and dances around, WOO HOO! Alan waves meekly. Thanks.

STRIPPER D.J.
IN HONOR OF THEIR MARRIAGE, WE'RE DOING TWO-FOR-ONE LAPDANCES! TWO SONGS FOR TWENTY BUCKS!

The DJ puts on Nine Inch Nails' "I Want to Fuck You Like An Animal" and the club gets hopping again.

CHASTITY
Oh my God, he's playing our song!
(giddy, to Alan)
This song was playing when we met, remember?! You kept sliding twenties into my thong and saying "I will always love you. I will always love you."

Alan closes his eyes.

ALAN
Twenties?

CHASTITY
Yeah, it was so sweet...

ALAN
Look, I don't know how to say this, but my friends and I were very drunk last night. We would never come to a place like this--

He glances over at Vick and Stu -- but they're gone.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Guys?

CUT TO:

WB/BAFTA

VICK AND STU TOASTING SHOTS OF JAGERMEISTER

and downing them. PULL BACK to see that they are sitting in

THE CHAMPAGNE ROOM

getting lapdances from STARR and ANASTASIA. The Champagne Room is a dark, plush private suite in the back of the Crazy Horse where strippers ply their craft; the room is half full.

Vick watches Starr lean over and make out with Anastasia.

VICK
You are the best bridesmaids ever.

STU
(huge boobs in his face)
Dude: I might not be gay.

Then Alan hurries in with Chastity; he looks pissed.

ALAN
What the hell are you doing?!

VICK
Two-for-ones, man.

ALAN
We don't have time for this! We gotta find Doug!

VICK
What do you think we're doing?

ALAN
What?

VICK
We're getting into the mindset of last night, to see if it sparks any memories.
(to his stripper)
Now: is this exactly how you were dancing for me last night, Starr?

She nods. Vick nods, pensive, scientific.

VICK (CONT'D)
Yeah, still no memories. Keep going -- and put your back into it.

ALAN
You are so goddamn selfish, Vick. You really are. Stu, let's go.

WB / BAFTA

VICK
No. Stu, sit and enjoy your dance.

Stu looks between them, torn.

ALAN
Dude: Doug is missing! We have less than 18 hours til his wedding! We do not have time for this!

VICK
I'm trying to save your life here, Alan Mervish.

ALAN
Vick--!

VICK
I'm not kidding, man! Life is one long series of emergencies, and if you don't learn to stop and have a little fun along the way, you're gonna grow into a joyless old prick like your dad. I'm sorry to bring Moshe Mervish into it, but it had to be said. Now yes, we have 18 hours to find Doug -- which means we can afford to spend ten minutes celebrating the special talents of these gifted young body-artists. So sit down, have a jager shot, and smell the goddamn roses for once in your miserable life. Chastity, honey? When you're ready?

Chastity pushes Alan onto the red leather banquette and starts dancing for him. He tries to squirm away:

ALAN
No, look-- I am like totally against this, morally and politically. Plus Becky specifically asked me not to--

SMASH CUT TO:

ALAN SITTING ON THE BANQUETTE, LOOKING AWESTRUCK

as Chastity works a *wildly* erotic lapdance on him. She crawls onto his lap, she whips him with her long hair, she puts her tongue in his ear. Next to him, no longer getting lapdances, Vick and Stu just sit, staring at Chastity, entranced.

WB/BAFTA

STU
I think I know why he married her.

VICK
Because if he hadn't, I would've.

They continue watching on in silence.

STU
Is it weird that we're sitting this close watching?

VICK
Not for me.

More watching in silence.

STU
I really shouldn't be here. I have daughters.

Then both of their heads angle the same way.

VICK
Not that can do <u>that</u>.

STU
How can she do that without dislocating her hip?

VICK
Because she's been touched by God.

They continue staring, amazed. Just then, the door is kicked open and KIKIOLANI and KALOLO FANALUA burst into the Champagne Room, peering through the darkness, looking for our guys. Vick and Stu see them immediately.

VICK (CONT'D)
<u>Shit</u>.

They both hop up. Alan remains sitting, however, hypnotized by Chastity. Vick grabs him.

VICK (CONT'D)
Alan, come on, man, we gotta go!

ALAN
Whoa, whoa, I'm smelling the roses--

Vick literally yanks Alan up from the banquette.

VICK
<u>Come</u> <u>on</u>, <u>man</u>! We got company!

WB / BAFTA

Finally, the Guamians spot the guys and lumber for them!

VICK (CONT'D)
Chastity, honey, is there a back way out of here?!

Thinking fast, Chastity grabs her clothes and darts over to a darkened, unlabeled FIRE DOOR.

CHASTITY
Come on!

The guys race after her...

INT. CRAZY HORSE -- BACK HALLWAY

Chastity and the guys sprint through the bright, crowded back hallways of the Crazy Horse, weaving through strippers, cocktail waitresses, and barbacks.

Behind them, the two massive Samoans try to follow, but are slowed by all the foot traffic. Strippers SCREAM as they're bowled over by the obese Islanders.

INT. CRAZY HORSE -- MAIN STAGE

A spotlight holds on a CLOSED CURTAIN covering the main stage. Some sort of techno Limp Bizkit song is playing.

STRIPPER D.J. (O.S.)
ANNND ON STAGE ONE, PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER FOR...<u>DOUBLE</u> <u>STAXXX</u>!

All the patrons turn their attention to Stage One -- then Stu blows through the curtain, out of breath. Beat. The patrons look at Stu, confused. Stu looks at them, equally so.

The patrons start to BOOO, just as Vick, Chastity, and Alan blow through the curtain after Stu.

CHASTITY
Come on!

Chastity, in six inch leucite heels, sprints down the main runway, leaps over the patrons sitting at the end, and hits the floor running!

STU
Did she just do that in heels?!

VICK
I'm really starting to like this girl.

WB / BAFTA

The guys all follow suit, sprinting down the runway and leaping over the patrons!

Then the Guamians blow through the curtain, panting, very upset. They lumber down the stage -- and the patrons at the end of the runway clear the hell out of the way.

CHASTITY AND THE GUYS RACE THROUGH THE STRIP CLUB

Upsetting cocktails, hopping onto stages and then off again, leaping over chairs, spinning around stripper poles, and, finally, sprinting out the front door!

The massive Guamians give chase, leaving a wide trail of destruction behind them, like two elephants trampling through a forest. Just as they're blowing out of the door, however,

THEY'RE CLOTHESLINED BY TWO CHAIRS

being swung into their chests! SMASH! They both stumble backwards, and then four roided-up STRIP CLUB SECURITY GUARDS pounce on them, wrestling them to the ground.

CRAZY HORSE SECURITY GUARD
(to walkie talkie)
Viper One, this is Rolling Thunder, we've subdued the targets, over.

EXT. CRAZY HORSE -- DAY

Chastity and the guys hurry around the corner from the Crazy Horse, laughing, exhilarated from the chase.

STU
Did you see them trample those tiny Japanese businessmen?! I think they killed like four of them!

Everyone laughs. Vick puts his arm around Alan.

VICK
Come on, Alan: tell me that wasn't just a little fun...

ALAN
That was...a little fun.

Vick smiles -- just as a LAS VEGAS POLICE CAR hops the curb, lights flashing, and cuts them off! Two mustachioed COPS get out and hurry for them, pointing, intense.

LAS VEGAS POLICEMAN
Victor Lennon?! Alan Mervish?! Stuart Pryce?!

WB / BAFTA

STU
(scared)
Y-Yes?!

LAS VEGAS POLICEMAN
You're coming with us.

CUT TO:

INT. LAS VEGAS POLICE STATION -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

The two LVPD cops, OFFICER MERRIWEATHER and OFFICER BLADEN, 40's, pace about this bare interrogation room, while Vick, Alan and Stu sit behind the cold metal table.

Vick looks tense, but in control. Stu and Alan are sweating, *terrified*. They've clearly been here a while.

OFFICER MERRIWEATHER
Where were you last night at 3am?

VICK
No idea.

OFFICER BLADEN
Okay, how about at 2am?

VICK
Ditto.

Officer Bladen SLAMS the table with his fist.

OFFICER MERRIWEATHER
You think this is cute, son?! You think this is a game?!

ALAN
Whatever we did, we're *so* sorry!

STU
Honestly, man, I will confess to anything you want!

VICK
Stu: stop talking. Alan: sit up straight. Officer Merriweather, I've told you twelve times now: we have no memory of last night. Now either charge us with a crime, or let us go.

Merriweather scowls and nods at Bladen, who steps over to a TELEVISION and turns it on. Merriweather, meanwhile, pulls out a photograph of a slick ASIAN MAN in a red suit, slides it onto the table.

WB / BAFTA

OFFICER MERRIWEATHER
What do you know about Jimmy Lang?

Vick flinches ever-so-slightly, clearly knowing something. Stu and Alan just look at the photograph, confused.

ALAN
Nothing?

STU
Who is he?

OFFICER MERRIWEATHER
Jimmy Lang runs the infamous Shiang-Xi crime organization, and is wanted in seven states for money laundering, drug smuggling, racketeering and murder.

ALAN
Oh my god--

STU
Did we kill someone last night--?!

VICK
We have no idea who this man is.

OFFICER MERRIWEATHER
Is that right?

VICK
Yeah, that's right.

ON THE TELEVISION, grainy surveillance camera footage of a birthday party starts playing. In the video, JIMMY LANG sits in an upscale restaurant, in front of a BIRTHDAY CAKE, as a table full of hip ASIAN GUYS serenade him with "Happy Birthday To You."

When the guys sitting next to Jimmy lean forward to help him blow out the candles on his cake, however, we see that it's Vick, ALAN, STU, DOUG, and some BLACK GUY, all very drunk!

VICK & ALAN & STU & DOUG (ON TAPE)
HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR JIMMMMY, HAPPY BIRTHDAY TOOO YOOOOU!

Everyone applauds. Vick drunkenly hugs Jimmy Lang.

VICK (ON TAPE)
I love you, Jimmy Lang!

Merriweather FREEZES FRAME on Vick kissing the top of Jimmy Lang's shaved head.

WB / BAFTA

In the interrogation room, Vick, Stu and Alan sit, frozen.

Silence.

STU
We're in a lot of trouble, aren't we.

ALAN
Officers, I swear, we have no memory of that ever occurring--

OFFICER BLADEN
Okay. Maybe a night in jail will jostle something loose.

STU
Oh no, sir, please don't!

ALAN
We have a very important wedding--!

VICK
I know Jimmy Lang.

Everyone stops, looks at Vick.

ALAN
You do?!

VICK
Jimmy and I tried to raise capital for Girl-nasium, a 24 hour fitness center and day spa for tween-age girls, but it never got off the ground. It was an entirely legitimate enterprise -- I had no idea he was a criminal. We must've bumped into him last night, and he must've invited us to join his birthday celebration. No crime in that, is there, Officers?

Merriweather gets in Vick's face, intense.

OFFICER MERRIWEATHER
You actually expect me to believe that dung?

VICK
(unblinking)
Yes, Officer Merriweather. I do.

WB / BAFTA

OFFICER MERRIWEATHER
If I find out you're lying to me, son, I will take *all of you* down, is that clear?

OFFICER BLADEN
You boys wouldn't last three hours in prison.

VICK
Stu might.

Stu shakes his head, unbelievable.

VICK (CONT'D)
Now: are you gonna charge us with something, or are we free to go?

The cops look at each other, scowling. Beat.

OFFICER BLADEN
Get outta here.

Stu and Alan quickly hop to their feet and make for the door.

ALAN
Oh, thank you, Officers!

STU
It was really nice meeting you--!

OFFICER MERRIWEATHER
If you know what's good for you, you'll get the hell out of Vegas.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

Day has turned to night. Vick, Stu, and Alan descend the steps of the police station. The mood is grim.

ALAN
Did you *have* to be such a dick?!

VICK
We got out, didn't we?

ALAN
Yeah, four hours later! If we'd just cooperated with them--

VICK
If we'd cooperated with them, we'd be in jail right now, Alan.

WB / BAFTA

They reach the curb, and Stu starts trying to hail a cab. Desperation is setting in.

ALAN
What are we gonna do now? We've got zero leads on where Doug is!

STU
Why hasn't he called? It's *8:30*.

The guys shake their heads, I don't know.

STU (CONT'D)
Do you think he's okay--?

VICK
Stu, don't. Doug is fine.

STU
I mean, we were hanging out with mobsters last night, man! They kill people for looking at 'em weird--!

VICK
Stu: Doug is fine.

STU
Or what if we like drove Doug out to the desert and left him, just as like a funny prank--?!

VICK
Stu! Enough!

ALAN
(muttering)
I knew I shouldn't have come...

VICK
What did you just say?

ALAN
I said I knew I shouldn't have come this weekend, Vick!

VICK
(getting heated)
Is that right?

ALAN
Yeah, that's right. I only came because Doug insisted.

Vick steps towards Alan, heated.

WB / RAFTA

VICK
Why do think you're so much better than us, dude?!

ALAN
I don't -- I just think I'm better than *you*, Vick! And trust me, it's not that hard! You haven't changed one bit since high school! Jesus, you're 28 years old and you still talk back to cops?! *Really?!*

VICK
You're out of your depth, Alan--

ALAN
And you're still the one getting us in trouble! Only then it was hiding your weed in our locker, and now you've got us partying with wanted felons! It's not cute anymore, man! We're too old for this!

Vick scowls; this is actually hitting home...

ALAN (CONT'D)
And all your stupid get-rich-quick schemes?! Girl-nasium?! Custard?! In Los Angeles?! Are you joking?!

STU
Okay, let's all take a breath--

ALAN
When's the last time you had a real job, man?! When's the last time you had a girlfriend?! Hell, when's the last time you picked up the check?!

VICK
What's so great about any of those things?!

ALAN
Those "*things*," Vick, are what grown men do!

Vick swallows, furious.

STU
Look, we're all tired and hungry--

WB / BAFTA

VICK
None of us ever liked you, Alan! We only hung out with you because Doug made us!

Alan recoils, whoa, stung. This is clearly news to him.

ALAN
Stu...? Is that true?

Stu gestures, uncomfortable, enh, who's to say? Alan nods, I see, his face reddening.

VICK
Why *would* anyone like you, dude? Have you ever thought about that? You're uptight, you're judgemental, you're cheap, and yet somehow you think you're sweeter than everyone else! Well look around, man: no one wants to be you! I'd rather be *Stu* than you!

STU
Wait, what--?

Too late: Alan charges Vick and TACKLES him onto the lawn! They roll on the ground, trying to punch each other, but it ends up being a mess of half-chops, pulled hair, and hands in each other's faces...

ALAN
I've...always...hated you...

VICK
You punch like...your sister...

Stu runs over and jumps in, trying to break them apart.

STU
Hey, no! Time out! We all need a time out--!

THUNK! Stu is accidentally kicked in the face and goes down.

Alan and Vick continue rolling on the lawn, trying to beat the crap out of each other. They could be kids again. Then, just when it starts getting way too intense,

A CAR HORN SOUNDS

And all three of them look up to see Vick'S BEAT-UP CADILLAC parked on the curb, Chastity at the wheel.

WB / BAFTA

CHASTITY
That might not be like, the smartest place to fight?

Vick and Alan look over at the huge LAS VEGAS POLICE DEPARTMENT sign right next to them. They frown...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COYOTE CANTINA -- NIGHT

Vick's car sits parked in front of a country bar.

INT. THE COYOTE CANTINA -- NIGHT

The guys sit at a booth, their hair a mess, their faces bruised, their clothing ripped, ravenously chowing down on TACOS. Stu's mouth is full of food:

STU
Good call on happy hour, Chastity. These tacos kick ass.

CHASTITY
Yeah, I always come here when I get out of jail.

The guys exchange a quick look.

ALAN
Hey -- how'd you start Vick's car?

CHASTITY
Oh, my daddy taught me how to hotwire almost anything.

VICK
That's funny, because Alan's daddy taught him tax law.

Chastity smiles, a little confused. Alan is quick to retort:

ALAN
And Vick's daddy taught him how to get really drunk at his kid's soccer games and then piss himself.

VICK
It's a disease, dude--!

STU
Guys, come on! For Doug?

Alan and Vick angrily continue eating their tacos. Then Stu's PHONE rings. He pulls it out, reads the caller ID.

WB / BAFTA

STU (CONT'D)
"Number blocked."

VINCE
Don't answer it.

ALAN *
Answer it.

ALAN
What if it's Doug?

VICK
What if it's Tracy?!

STU
(torn, answers phone)
Good evening, this is Stu!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. VENICE BUNGALOW -- NIGHT

It's Tracy. She's sitting in her living room, on the phone. Her STERN FATHER sits nearby, as do other FAMILY MEMBERS.

TRACY
Stu, it's Tracy!

His eyes bulging, Stu covers the phone and hisses:

STU
It's Tracy!

Vick glares at Alan. Alan looks away, shit.

STU (CONT'D)
Why is she calling me?!

VICK
Because she knows you're the most easily tricked.

ALAN
We have tell her we lost Doug.

VICK
No we don't! Tell her nothing, Stu!

Stu turns back to the phone, rattled.

STU
Hey, Trace! W-What's going on?

TRACY
Oh, nothing, just here with my family...

WB / BAFTA

STU
Wow, that sounds amazing!

TRACY
Yeah...? Hey, you wouldn't happen to know where Doug is, would you? He said he'd be home by 5 for this dinner, and now it's almost 9:00. I tried his cell, but he didn't answer...

STU
Ummmm.....Hang on.
(covering the mouthpiece)
She wants to know where Doug is!

VICK
I'm working on it! Buy us some time!

ALAN
No, just tell her the truth! Honesty is always the best policy!

VICK
What are you, retarded?! Honesty is never the best policy! Especially not with brides!

STU
(lamely, to phone)
Um, what'd you say?

TRACY
(frowning)
I asked if you knew where Doug was.

STU
Yeah, um, hang on.
(to guys)
She still wants to know!

VICK
Okay: tell her Alan got really drunk last night and fell down, and the doctor said not to move him for a few hours, but that we'll be back in time for the wedding.

ALAN
Why do I have to be the one that fell over drunk?!

WB / BAFTA

VICK
It's a fictitious canard, Alan, get over yourself! Stu: tell her!

STU (TO PHONE)
Listen, Tracy, Alan fell on a doctor--

VICK
Fell over <u>drunk</u>.

STU
H-He was drunk. And the doctor -- a different doctor, not the one he fell on -- he said we couldn't move him until the wedding--

VICK
For a <u>few</u> <u>hours</u>! We'll be <u>home</u> before the wedding!

STU
But we're going to have the wedding at your home--

Tracy just looks *<u>really</u>* confused.

Exasperated, Vick rips the phone away from Stu.

VICK
Tracy?! Vick! How are ya, hon?

TRACY
(now very concerned)
Vick, <u>what</u> <u>is</u> <u>going</u> <u>on</u>?

VICK
Nothing! Stu is a moron. Listen, Alan hurt his back last night, so we're gonna be laid up here for a bit, but I promise we'll have Doug home in time for the wedding, okay?

TRACY
Oh God, is Alan all right?

VICK
Yes, luckily he had a steel rod surgically implanted up his ass at birth, so the doctors anticipate a complete and swift recovery.

Alan flips him the bird.

WB / BAFTA

TRACY
Can I talk to Doug?

VICK
What? No! No, you can't actually, Doug...Doug is out.

TRACY
Where is he?

VICK
Where is he? He's aaaat...the pharmacy. Yeah, picking up Alan's medications. Listen, Trace, I'm losing you, but we'll see you tomorrow, okay? Bye, sweetie--!

Vick hangs up and nods confidently.

VICK (CONT'D)
She bought it.

CUT TO:

INT. VENICE BUNGALOW -- NIGHT

Back in her bungalow, Tracy hangs up the phone, frowning.

TRACY
They've done something stupid.

Her stern father is standing there, frowning.

MR. TURNER
No surprise there.

TRACY
Dad--

MR. TURNER
I'm just saying, what kind of man stands up his fiancée the night before their wedding?

TRACY
Dad, I don't want to hear it. I trust Doug absolutely.

Mr. Turner backs off. Tracy, however, looks a bit rattled...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE COYOTE CANTINA -- NIGHT

The guys get up from the booth and head for the door, grim.

WB / BAFTA

ALAN
Perfect. We just told Tracy we'd have Doug home in 13 hours, and we still have no idea where he is...

They pass a DOORMAN on their way out, who's standing with a stamp and a UV light reader.

DOORMAN
Handstamp for re-entry?
Handstamp for re-entry?

Everyone waves, no thanks -- except for Stu, who shrugs, why not, and stops, holding out his hand.

VICK
Maybe we should go back to the hotel and--

STU
Oh my God, guys! *Look!*

Stu holds his hand under the UV light -- it's covered in STAMPS from all the clubs they've been to the night before!

Stu yanks up his sleeve to reveal his ENTIRE FOREARM GLOWS, completely covered with stamps!

The guys hurry back and slide their forearms under the UV light, too: they all have the same stamps! Their eyes alight:

ALAN
It's like a map of last night!

The guys look at each other, hope returning to their faces!

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "SATURDAY, 9:10PM"

EXT. LAS VEGAS/INT. VICK'S CAR -- NIGHT

The guys rocket down the Strip, weaving in and out of traffic! All the stamps on Stu's arm are now labelled in regular ink. MUSIC blares, and the mood is high.

STU
Where do you want to start?!

VICK
At the top! We hit every club we went to til someone remembers what we did with Doug!

WB / BAFTA

ALAN
Nice clue, Stuey! I can't *believe* we're actually gonna pull this off!

Stu grins over at the car next to them. Then he stops.

STU
Hey: is that guy wearing Doug's hat?!

The guys look over to see that the DRIVER of the next car over is, in fact, wearing the DISTINCTIVE FEDORA-STYLE HAT Doug was wearing last night. The guy turns off the Strip.

VICK
Naaah, couldn't be.

ALAN
Lots of people have hats like that.

Stu nods, yeah, I guess...

TIGHT ON: STU'S HAND

The first bar written on it is "GhostBar."

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. GHOSTBAR -- NIGHT

Chastity and the guys blow in, each with a photo of Doug (in medieval armor) from Alan's wedding. As they move into the club, every single waiter, bartender, and busboy sees them and throws open their arms, heyyyy, remembering them!

They flash the picture of Doug to anyone who'll look -- waiters, maitre d's, thugs, bachelorettes, fetishists, bikers, swingers, brides and grooms -- but all of them shake their heads, we have no idea where Doug is...

INT. VICK'S CAR -- NIGHT

Stu crosses off "GhostBar" from his arm...

INT. BODY ENGLISH NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

The guys and Chastity enter and disperse. Again, everyone recognizes them and hugs them like returning heroes -- and again, no one remembers where they were taking Doug...

INT. VICK'S CAR -- NIGHT

Stu crosses off another stamp from his arm...

WB / BAFTA

EXT. PURE NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

The BOUNCER recognizes the guys from the night before and unclips the rope, letting them in past the immense line...

INT. TAO NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

The BOUNCER recognizes the guys from the night before and unclips the rope, letting them in past the immense line...

INT. ICE NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

The BOUNCER recognizes the guys from the night before and unclips the rope, letting them in past the immense line...

INT. VICK'S CAR -- NIGHT

The guys race through a shadier, more industrial area of town, their hopes dimming...

STU
All right, this is the last place we went, "Chaps."

Vick rolls to a stop in front of...

CHAPS NIGHTCLUB

It takes a moment for the guys to realize that everyone in line is male, buff, and wearing erotic cowboy gear.

STU
You sure we came here...?

Then they look up at the marquee. It reads "CHAPS: HOME OF THE GOLDEN PONY ALL MALE REVUE."

ALAN
The Golden Pony. That's us.

STU
Maybe I'll just wait in the car--

But Vick is already shoving Stu out of the car.

INT. CHAPS NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

The guys walk into the massive nightclub and stop. It's got a kitschy barn theme, and hosts 200 TOPLESS DUDES in cowboy hats and short-shorts grinding on each other.

VICK
You think we would've remembered this...

WB / BAFTA

STU
Yeah, I don't think we came here...

ALAN
Then why is your underwear nailed to the wall?

The guys turn to see numerous pairs of MEN'S UNDERWEAR nailed to the wall nearby. A sign above it reads "CHAPS WALL OF FAME." We recognize Stu's COLORADO STATE BOXERS.

STU
Those could be anybody's. Thousands of people go to Colorado State--

ALAN
(looking more closely)
Oh my God, are they autographed?

VICK
(reading)
"Stu Pryce, 9/30/08. I ♥ Chaps!"

STU
(realizing, stunned)
I am so gay...

Just then, a BUFF WAITER in assless chaps blows by, smiling.

WAITER
Hey, guys! Roger is backstage!

The guys look at each other, eyes wide.

STU
R-Roger?

INT. CHAPS -- DANCE FLOOR

The guys move through the throng of undulating, sweaty men, uncomfortable. Alan takes Chastity's hand tightly.

ALAN
Stay *very* close to me.

She smiles and dances through the crowd.

INT. CHAPS -- BACKSTAGE AREA

They reach a HUGE MALE BOUNCER guarding the backstage area. He sees the guys and unclips the VELVET ROPE, kissing each of them on the cheek as they pass.

BOUNCER
How are Haylee and Kaitlin?

WB / BAFTA

STU
(totally disturbed)
Oh. G-Good, thanks...?

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA -- DRESSING ROOM DOOR

The guys reach the dressing room door and stop. They inhale.

VICK
We're going to love you either way, Stu...

Stu nods, focussed, nervous, like before a big game.

ALAN
Some of my best friends are gay.

STU
Is that true?

ALAN
Not...not really? I live in Connecticut, man, we don't even have black people yet.

Stu nods, right. Then, after steeling himself, he enters...

INT. CHAPS -- DRESSING ROOM

The dressing room is packed with muscular, tan, buck-naked men, walking around, rubbing baby oil on themselves, donning chaps and codpieces, getting ready for the next show.

Chastity and the guys move through the mob of beefcake, staying ridiculously close together. Vick stops at one dancer, trying not to look down at his junk:

VICK
Excuse me, friend, can you tell me where Roger is?

BEEFCAKE COWBOY
Oh, hey, Vick! Roger's over there.

He points to a really hot, really <u>naked</u> guy with a funky mullet, stretching out in front of his mirror. The guys shuffle over to him. Vick tries to be supportive with Stu:

VICK
He's cute...I guess...?

Stu shrugs, yeah, I guess...? As they draw close, Roger sees them, and smiles.

WB / BAFTA

ROGER
Oh! Hey guys!

He hugs all of them. The guys make sure to keep their asses arched back to avoid genital contact.

ROGER (CONT'D)
I'm surprised you're even walking yet, Stu.

STU
(inhaling sharply)
Oh my god.

VICK
Listen, man, we don't really remember what happened last night, can you fill us in?

ROGER
Really? No memory?

Stu shakes his head, wide-eyed, scared...

ROGER (CONT'D)
Well, I must say, Stu, I'm a little hurt.

STU
Did we...you know...do anything?

ROGER
Well, duh? Yeah?

The guys all freeze. A beat. Then Vick pats Stu's shoulder, supportive.

STU
Was I...the boy or the girl?

ROGER
Oh, honey, you were everything.

Stu WHIMPERS. Vick and Alan exchange a look, holy shit!

ROGER (CONT'D)
But you were *nothing* like Vick.

VICK
Wait-- what?!

ROGER
I know, I'm sort of over group stuff too, but Alan insisted.

WB / BAFTA

Now it's Alan's turn to look stunned.

VICK
You insisted?! Why'd you insist?!

ALAN
I don't know! I don't know why I insisted!

ROGER
Actually, after the anger went away, it was really quite tender.

The guys look at each other, nauseous.

STU
I'm really not sure we can be friends anymore...

Finally, Chastity starts LAUGHING.

CHASTITY
Guys: he's kidding.

Roger breaks into a smile and slaps five with Chastity. The guys all exhale, incredibly relieved.

VICK
Not cool, Roger. Not cool.

ALAN
So what did happen last night?

ROGER
Oh, well, you guys came in near the end of our last set, like 2ish. Doug pretty much dragged you in.

ALAN
Really? Doug did?

ROGER
Oh no, my Doug, not your Doug. Black guy, shaved head?

The guys look at each other, confused.

ROGER (CONT'D)
He's a cake designer, he said he met you guys at some sort of birthday party at the Rio?

VB / BAFTA

VICK
(snapping his finger)
The guy from the Jimmy Lang surveillance video.

The guys nod, right.

ROGER
Anyway, for the big finale of our show, we always bring someone on stage, and, well, Stu, you volunteered pretty aggressively.
(to nearby dancer)
Hey Dallas, do we have the video of last night's show?

STU
No! That's cool, I don't need to see it--

VICK
We must see that video.

DALLAS
It's in the machine.

Roger nods and presses PLAY on a little VCR/TV combo sitting in front of his mirror. ON THE TV a very Brokeback, Chippendale's-style male revue starts playing. Stu GASPS. Roger fast forwards.

ROGER
You were pretty mellow at first, Stu, but once we got you into the chaps, you really came alive-- oh, here it is.

ON THE TV we see Stu, wearing only his "I ♥ ROGER" g-string and assless chaps, grinding on stage with the Golden Pony dancers. He is *way* fatter, paler, and hairier than the greased young studs. The guys look away, oooo.

STU
I'm a Dad, I-I don't get to the gym as much as I'd like...

ROGER
You even taught us The Pony, which we'd never even heard of before...

ON THE TV Stu gets on all fours on the stage, and eagerly gestures for the dancers to take turns "riding" him.

Stu's face drops.

WB / BAFTA

ROGER (CONT'D)
And then, of course, the pièce de resistance: the Ride of the Valkyries.

ON THE VIDEO Stu clutches onto Roger from behind as they ride a LAVENDER MECHANICAL BULL together. The crowd goes wild.

STU
Annnnd that would explain the searing ass pain.

ROGER
After the show, we split a couple pitchers of flirtinis, you had our stylist cut your hair like mine, and then you split.

VICK
And what time was all this?

ROGER
4:30 in the morning? 4:45?

ALAN
And our Doug was with us?

ROGER
Yeah, he had passed out by then, but you carried him out. It was all very *Officer And A Gentleman*.

The guys look at each other, confused.

ALAN
Wait, so we left with Doug at 4:45, we got back to the hotel at 5:00, and Doug was gone by 5:30 when Chastity met back up with us?

STU
That doesn't make any sense.

VICK
Did we lose him along the way?

STU
He was passed out, how far could he have gone--?

Just then, Vick's cellphone rings. The caller ID reads "MANDALAY BAY." He answers:

VICK
Hello?

WB/BAFTA

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MANDALAY BAY -- NIGHT

Atashir is on the phone at the reception desk.

ATASHIR
Mr. Lennon?

VICK
Atashir, many greetings to you.

ATASHIR
I thought you might like to know that one of our maids just found your friend, Douglas, passed out in your room.

Vick's jaw drops.

VICK
What?! Are you sure it's him?!

ATASHIR
I saw him with my own eyes. He is unconscious but breathing nicely.

VICK
Oh thank you, Atashir! You are a man of great honor! A thousand blessings upon your ancestors!

Vick SLAMS his phone shut, overjoyed.

VICK (CONT'D)
Doug is in the room! A maid just found him! He's passed out, but he's okay!

STU
They're sure it's him?!

VICK
Atashir swears it is!

The guys all laugh, a massive weight lifted.

STU
Oh thank God he's okay...

ALAN
After all this?! He's in the *room?!*

They keep laughing and hug each other, heartfelt. Vick even hugs Roger.

WB / BAFTA

VICK
I don't even care! Hug me, you big shiny homosexual!

EXT. CHAPS -- NIGHT

Chastity and the guys bound out of Chaps, jubilant. Stu is carrying a box of TWO DOZEN VIDEOTAPES.

ALAN
That was cool of Roger to give you all the tapes of your performance.

STU
I know, if I actually was gay, I'd totally date Roger first. What a gentle soul.

They get into Vick's clunker.

VICK
How we doing on time?

ALAN
(looking at watch)
2:22.

VICK
We'll be in LA by dawn.
(firing up engine)
I told you bitches this would all work out...

They drive off into the night, grins all around.

EXT. THE STRIP/INT. VICK'S CAR -- NIGHT

Vick drives, Stu sits shotgun. Alan sits in the back with Chastity. The cool night air washes over them. They look happily exhausted.

ALAN
This has officially been the craziest weekend of my life.
(to Chastity)
Thanks for all your help. You were awesome.

CHASTITY
Anything for my hubby.

Alan's smile flickers slightly.

WB/BAFTA

CHASTITY (CONT'D)
I'm kidding, Alan. I know last night wasn't, you know, real...

She looks out at Vegas as it flies by.

ALAN
I'm sorry about all this, Chastity.

CHASTITY
Jennifer.

ALAN
Beg pardon?

CHASTITY
My name is Jennifer. Jennifer Elly.

Alan hesitates; suddenly she seems a lot more...human.

ALAN
Okay, well, I'm sorry, Jennifer.

CHASTITY
Oh, don't be. Last night wasn't the first flaky decision I've ever made in my life. I mean, I am a stripper.

Alan tries not to laugh. She smiles, a twinge sadly.

ALAN
Where you from?

CHASTITY
LA. Tarzana.

ALAN
Oh yeah?

CHASTITY
Yeah. I work here on the weekends.

ALAN
You fly out every week?

CHASTITY
Yeah. I'd move, but my kid is in a great school.

ALAN
Kid?

WB / BAFTA

VICK
(aside, to Stu)
They <u>always</u> have kids.

CHASTITY
I have a little girl, Sarah.
She's... Well, she's <u>everything</u>.

Chastity proudly shows Alan a photo from her purse of a cute little toddler. Alan smiles.

CHASTITY (CONT'D)
What about you?

ALAN
No kids. Same girlfriend for 14 years. Becky.

Alan shows her a photo of Becky on his cellphone.

CHASTITY
Wow, she's stunning.

Stu turns around, unable to keep quiet any longer:

STU
We like you <u>way</u> better.

ALAN
<u>STU</u>!

Chastity tries to stymie her laugh.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Becky is great.

STU
Becky collects <u>teapots</u>.

VICK
Yeah, she's a total <u>canwego</u>.

CHASTITY
A <u>what</u>?

VICK
You know, she's the girl at the party who's always like "Can we go? Can we go?"

Chastity laughs. Alan does too, shaking his head.

ALAN
She has low blood sugar.

WB / BAFTA

STU
She has low fun sugar.

ALAN
Jesus, guys! This is the girl I'm going to marry!
(beat, considers)
If, you know...she forgives me for cheating on her...

VICK
Wait: you're going to *tell* her?

ALAN
Of course I'm going to tell her! I could never keep something like that from her.

VICK
Dude, she still hasn't forgiven me for scratching her Queensryche CD in sixth grade -- she's *neeeeever* gonna forgive you for marrying a stripper in Vegas.

ALAN
Well, then that's just the price I'm going to have to pay.

Alan looks off, stoic. Chastity pats his hand, proud.

CHASTITY
Good for you.

She smiles at Alan, impressed, pulling her hair from her face. Alan looks at her anew... It's a sweet moment...

VICK
She's gonna cut your dick off, dude.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANDALAY BAY -- NIGHT

Lamborghini's, Ferrari's and Hummer limos clog the valet stand. Vick rolls up in his clunker. The guys hop out.

VICK
(to the valet)
Keep 'er close, Paco. We'll be right back.

WB / BAFTA

INT. MANDALAY BAY -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Chastity and the guys hurry down the hallway to their suite. Vick unlocks their door and pushes inside.

VICK
Doug! Wake up, man!

INT. DEAN MARTIN SUITE -- NIGHT

Instead of finding Doug, however, they find KALOLO FANALUA, sitting on their couch, pissed. He's got a huge WHITE CAST on his right arm, courtesy of the strip club bouncers.

KALOLO FANALUA
Aloha, assholes.

The guys freeze.

STU
Uh-oh.

The door SLAMS behind them, and they whip around to see KIKIOLANI standing in front of the door, blocking their exit. He has an identical CAST on his right arm.

STU (CONT'D)
Not good.

Just then, a toilet FLUSHES and an immensely large man in a red suit exits the bathroom, drying his hands. We recognize him from his police photo as crime boss JIMMY LANG, 50's.

JIMMY LANG
Oh, hello. Good to see you again.

VICK
Where is Doug?

ALAN
Listen, Mr. Lang, whatever we did last night, we are *incredibly* sorry-

JIMMY LANG
These your rich friends you were telling me about, Vick?

Alan and Stu glance at Vick, confused.

JIMMY LANG (CONT'D)
Oh, you haven't told them yet? Really, that's low. Even for you.

ALAN
What's going on, Vick?

WB/BAFTA

Vick stammers, trying to find the words...

JIMMY LANG
Six months ago, your friend Vick borrowed some money from me at what can only be described as a very unfavorable interest rate. When the loan came due, he failed to pay me back, but he promised me that he could get the money from you guys this weekend.

Alan and Stu look at Vick, shocked and hurt.

ALAN
Jesus, Vick...

STU
How could you do this to us, man? We're your best friends...

Vick looks away, ashamed.

VICK
They were gonna hurt me, man...

JIMMY LANG
Well, Vick, it looks like you and your friends have some issues to discuss. In the meantime...

He draws a huge, red-plated .357 MAGNUM.

JIMMY LANG (CONT'D)
I need my goddamn money.

The guys jump back, whoa! Vick holds up his hands:

VICK
I can get it! I can! I just--

JIMMY LANG
I've heard that before, Vick, including last night, when you so rudely skipped out on my birthday party. That's why I've taken some collateral to ensure your payment. His name is Doug.

The guys all look sick.

VICK
You have Doug?

WB/BAFTA

STU
Oh my God...

JIMMY LANG
If you want your friend to live, meet me at mile marker 26 off Highway 12 at dawn, and bring the money. Are we clear?

VICK
Yes! Yes.

Jimmy nods and heads for the door. The Samoans follow him.

ALAN
M-M-Mr. Lang?

JIMMY LANG
Yes, Mr. Mervish?

ALAN
H-How much does Vick owe?

CUT TO:

ALAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
200 thousand dollars?!

INT. THE DEAN MARTIN SUITE -- MOMENTS LATER

Alan and Stu pace about the suite, beyond stressed. Vick stands, looking out the window. Chastity gets them all water.

ALAN
How the hell could you blow that kind of money?!

STU
Was it for the custard store?

ALAN
Jesus, Stu, wake up! There is no custard store! Vick was just trying to rip us off to pay back Jimmy Lang!

STU
Is that true, Vick?

Vick just stares out at the city, not denying it.

STU (CONT'D)
Were any of your deals...real?

WB / BAFTA

VICK
(guilty)
Some.

Stu drops onto the couch, deeply disillusioned...

STU
Dude, I manage an Applebee's, that money meant something to me...

Vick spins around, furious:

VICK
Do you really think I wanted my life to turn out like this, Stu?! Do you really think I don't know that I'm a massive loser?! Jesus, you guys got out of high school and you just knew what to do, you went to college and got good jobs and found cool wives and made beautiful children -- what do I have to show for the last decade of my life?! *Nothing!*

Vick swats a lamp off a nearby end-table -- it SMASHES against the wall!

The guys freeze. Tense silence. Vick grows emotional.

VICK (CONT'D)
Jesus, I'm almost 30, and the only thing I really have...*the only thing I really have is you guys.*

STU
Come on, Vick--

VICK
No, man, it's true! I put on a good show, but my life is so goddamn hollow and vapid and lonely, it scares me, man. I-I don't know how much longer I can keep this scam going. And now I've gone and ruined the one good thing I had...

Tears threaten in his eyes. He wipes at them, angry.

VICK (CONT'D)
Just...please don't give up on me, okay? I-I don't know what I'd do without you guys. I really don't...

WB / BAFTA

Alan and Stu exchange a look. They've never seen brash, cocky Vick this vulnerable before. Stu can't help but give in.

STU
Come on, man, we've been bro's since third grade, it's gonna take a lot more than money to ruin our friendship.

Vick looks down, deeply touched...

STU (CONT'D)
What I don't understand is why you didn't just ask me for the money. I would've given you every last cent I had, man...

Tears trail down Vick's cheeks. He crosses and gives Stu a hug. Stu hugs back, emotional.

STU (CONT'D)
I love you, man.

VICK
Love you too, bro. Love you too.

They hug tight. For a while.

STU
Also, I banged your sister sophomore year.

Vick pulls away.

VICK
What?!

STU
Sorry. Just seemed like a good time to tell you.

Vick stammers at Stu, speechless.

STU (CONT'D)
She had just broken up with that guy from Central, we were playing "I Never" at Tim Donahee's pool, one thing lead to another--

VICK
No! No. That's...that's plenty.

Vick desperately tries to clear the image from his mind. Alan just frowns at his watch, stressed.

WB / BAFTA

ALAN
Look, I'm glad we're all sharing, but we've got three hours to come up with 200 grand, or else...

The guys nod, frowning, back on point.

ALAN (CONT'D)
I'd offer to take a loan out, but it's 3 o'clock in the morning, I'm pretty sure my bank is closed.

STU
I think I can get a 20 grand cash advance on my credit card...

ALAN
So that just leaves 180 grand...

The guys frown at each other.

CHASTITY
Well, it <u>is</u> Vegas...

The guys' eyebrows all rise, you think...?

SMASH CUT TO:

ALAN THROWING DOWN BLACKJACK AT A BLACKJACK TABLE

The guys erupt in CHEERS around him, <u>YAAA</u>! The dealer slides over a large pile of CHIPS.

CUT TO:

CHASTITY THROWING CRAPS AT A CRAPS TABLE

Again the guys erupt! Alan hugs Chastity. Their pile of CHIPS grows...

CUT TO:

STU YELLING "BINGO" AT A BINGO TABLE

The guys jump up, slapping ten, YELLING! Stu points at a table full of OLD LADIES nearby: *in your face!*

CUT TO:

ALAN, STU, VICK AND CHASTITY SITTING AT A PAI GOW TABLE

looking lost. Then they take their large stack of chips and quietly leave. No one knows how to play Pai Gow poker.

CUT TO:

WB / BAFTA

VICK JUMPING UP FROM A WAR TABLE

having just won! Chastity and the guys aggressively hug him. Stu drinks from his glass, hands shaking, wired.

STU
Time check!

VICK
(looking at watch)
12 minutes.

STU
Chip check!

Alan quickly counts the chips...

STU (CONT'D)
Faster! Come on chip check!

VICK
Dude, how many Red Bulls have you had?

STU
I stopped counting at six! I can hear my heart beating in my head!

Alan finishes counting the chips -- and frowns.

ALAN
Just over 100 grand.

The guys wince, *damn*.

VICK
There's only one thing left to do.

They all exchange a knowing look...

SMASH CUT TO:

$100,000 WORTH OF CHIPS BEING PLACED ON BLACK

at a roulette table. The guys sweat, tense. Stu is insane.

STU
You sure we don't want red?! What if the ball lands on red--!

VICK
Shut up, Stu.

ROULETTE CROUPIER
Betting is closed.

WB / BAFTA

The Croupier drops the ball into the wheel. It bounces, hops, spins... Vick crosses himself. Stu looks away.

STU
I can't watch! My heart's gonna explode! Can your heart even explode?! Because I think my heart is gonna explode! I can't watch!

The ball lands. Dead silence.

STU (CONT'D)
It's red, isn't it?! I knew it! Tell me it's not red!

ALAN
It's not red...

Stu turns, ecstatic--

ALAN (CONT'D)
It's green.

The ball has stopped on green, DOUBLE ZERO. Stu clutches his chest, like he's having a seizure. Vick inhales, grim. Alan slowly drops to his knees. Chastity closes her eyes.

Their HUGE PILE OF CHIPS is raked off the table...

CUT TO:

EXT. MANDALAY BAY -- PARKING CIRCLE -- PRE-DAWN

The guys pack their bags into Vick's beat-up Caddy. The mood is as dark as the pre-dawn sky. When the car is loaded, Chastity takes Alan's hands, gentle.

CHASTITY
Would you like me to come with?

ALAN
No...It might get a little dangerous. I wouldn't want...

He trails off. Chastity nods.

CHASTITY
I'm so sorry...about everything.

ALAN
Thanks for all your help.

Awkward silence. The cold desert wind blows.

WB / BAFTA

CHASTITY
There's no sense...in exchanging numbers or anything...right?

ALAN
Yeah, probably not...

Alan looks genuinely sad.

CHASTITY
Well...I'll always remember you as a great first husband, then.

They both smile weakly.

CHASTITY (CONT'D)
You can just send the divorce papers to the Crazy Horse or whatever...

Alan nods, okay. Another awkward pause.

CHASTITY (CONT'D)
Thanks for reminding me that there are still some really good guys out there, Alan. I don't...I don't get to meet too many of them.

She smiles a bit sadly, kisses him on the cheek, and walks off. TIGHT ON Alan's Grandmother's ring still on her finger.

Alan doesn't remember the ring, however; he's too busy watching her walk out of his life, and feeling a real sense of loss...

Then Vick fires up the car next to him.

VICK
We gotta go, man.

Alan nods, yeah, and gets in the car...

INT. VICK'S CAR -- PRE-DAWN

Vick's car races down a dark, abandoned desert highway. The guys look tired, stressed, and most of all, <u>scared</u>.

ALAN
Yep, just driving out to the middle of desert to meet some mobsters, what could possibly go wrong...?

The guys all frown.

WB / BAFTA

STU
So what's our plan?

ALAN
I think we should tell Mr. Lang that we couldn't get the money, but that, if he's amenable, we could create a payment calendar--

VICK
We're gonna give Jimmy a dummy bag of money, grab Doug, and make a run for it.

ALAN
Yes, good! What an airtight plan--!

VICK
Jimmy Lang doesn't do payment calendars, Alan! Trust me: this is our only shot of getting Doug back! Left turn!

Vick skids onto Highway 12 -- a barely labelled dirt road. Things are quickly going from bad to worse...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE FIRST RAYS OF DAWN

streaking across Venice Beach.

TITLE CARD: "SUNDAY, 6:04AM"

INT. VENICE BUNGALOW -- MORNING

Tracy exits her bedroom in her jammies, looking like she barely slept. Her father is up, and making breakfast.

TRACY
Any word from Doug?

MR. TURNER
Nope.
(beat)
I know you don't want to hear it, Trace, but you deserve better.

Tracy frowns, overwhelmed with stress.

TRACY
I'm sure everything's fine. They're all smart, capable adults...

CUT TO:

WB / BAFTA

VICK DELICATELY LAYING CASH INSIDE HIS DUFFEL BAG

on top of his dirty clothing, fruitlessly trying to create the appearance of a bag full of money. He's using some $20 bills, but also some $5's and $1's.

VICK
This all the cash we got?

The guys frown at their empty wallets, yeah. We are

INT. VICK'S CAR/EXT. MOJAVE DESERT -- DAWN

The Caddy is parked next to MILE MARKER 26 in the middle of the windy desert. The Las Vegas skyline is just barely visible in the distance.

Vick very delicately zips up his duffel bag so as not to disturb the bills, and places it on his lap.

ALAN
This is the dumbest plan ever.

VICK
Alan I need you positive please.

STU
Here they come.

They all look up to see a WHITE YUKON approaching on the far horizon, kicking up a trail of dust. The guys tense up.

VICK
Stuart?

STU
Yeah?

VICK
There's an emergency bottle of tequila in my glove box. Get it out please.

Stu opens the glovebox, pulls out a bottle of Patron. He opens it, takes a swig, then passes it to Vick, who takes a pull and passes it to Alan, who also drinks.

They all watch the white Yukon draw ever closer.

ALAN
I can't believe this is how we're going to die...

The Yukon pulls up about ten yards away. No one moves.

WB / BAFTA

The Yukon's doors open... The Cadillac's doors open...

TIGHT ON the Jimmy Lang's RED BOOT as it hits the road...

TIGHT ON Vick's LEATHER SHOE, then Alan's SAILING TOPSIDER, then Stu's FLIP-FLOP, as they all hit the dusty road...

The two parties stand by their respective cars, facing off.

Somewhere in the desert, a rattlesnake RATTLES.

JIMMY LANG
Let's see the money!

Vick gently holds up his duffel bag.

VICK
Let's see Doug!

Jimmy Lang nods to Kalolo, who opens the back door of the Yukon and pulls out a GUY with his hands tied behind his back and a plastic RALPH'S BAG over his head; he struggles a bit.

The guys look a bit alarmed.

ALAN
Jesus, what'd they <u>do</u> to him?

VICK
Pull off the Ralph's bag!

Jimmy yanks the bag off of the guy's head to reveal

IT'S <u>NOT</u> DOUG

It's some black dude. Vick, Stu, and Alan look confused.

VICK
Who the hell is that?!

JIMMY LANG
(annoyed)
This is <u>Doug</u>!

He pushes the guy forward.

ALAN
Oh my God: it's the <u>other</u> Doug!
Roger's friend, the cake designer!

BLACK DOUG
(to Jimmy Lang)
I <u>told</u> you, man, I'm Doug *<u>Howland</u>*!
I barely even know these guys!

WB / BAFTA

VICK
Yeah, you got the wrong Doug, man!

Jimmy Lang and the thugs look exasperated.

JIMMY LANG
You sure?!

VICK
Yeah, man, our Doug is white!

JIMMY LANG
But you were partying with this guy at my birthday thing!

VICK
I don't know what to tell you, bro, this isn't the Doug we requested!

JIMMY LANG
Well. I apologize for the mix-up...
(drawing his HUGE GUN)
But I'm still gonna need my money.

Vick and the guys start backtracking towards their car.

ALAN
Oh my God Oh my God Oh my God...

JIMMY LANG
Don't move, Vick.

Vick freezes, duffel in hand, as Stu and Alan slink from view. Jimmy reaches Vick, gun calmly trained at his head.

JIMMY LANG (CONT'D)
Now please. Give me my money.

All eyes on Vick, anxiously clutching the bag in his hand... Sweat beads on his brow...

JIMMY LANG (CONT'D)
Don't be stupid, son. You--

Then Vick throws a hard left hook, SLAMMING Jimmy square in his massive stomach! And

NOTHING HAPPENS

Jimmy is built like a tank. Vick freezes, oh shit. Then Jimmy PISTOL-WHIPS Vick -- his lip explodes with blood and he falls to the ground.

VICK
Christ that hurts!

WB / BAFTA

Then Jimmy picks up the duffel bag. Hefts it. Feels wrong. He goes to open the zipper when he hears:

STU
AAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Jimmy looks up to see Stu insanely charging him like the linebacker he once was! Jimmy raises his gun, but

STU TACKLES JIMMY TO THE GROUND FIRST!

The gun flies free and they wrestle for it! Dust flies!

BACK BY THE YUKON

The two Guamians fumble for their guns -- but it's difficult with huge CASTS on their shooting hands!

ON BLACK DOUG

He sees what's going down, and, his hands tied behind his back, takes off sprinting towards Vegas!

BY THE CADDILAC

Alan looks around, *what should I do?! What should I do?!* Then he spots the keys in the ignition of the car. He hops in and fires up the engine! Just then

THE TWO GUAMIANS OPEN FIRE

Bullets pound into the Cadillac! Alan ducks down, terrified, and floors the gas!

ALAN
I'm being shot at! I'm being shot at!

UP AHEAD

Jimmy Lang throws Stu off of him and recovers his gun, panting. He cocks it, aims it at Stu on the ground.

JIMMY LANG
I <u>really</u> didn't want to kill anyone today--

Then WHAM! Alan drives the car <u>into</u> Jimmy Lang at 25mph!

The obese mobster is pitched off his feet, and lands a good ten yards away, in a heap of dust!

The guys freeze, shocked.

The Guamians freeze, shocked.

WB / BAFTA

ALAN
Oh my god, is he okay?!

VICK
Who cares! Go go!

Alan floors the car while Stu and Vick SPRINT and DIVE in! The caddy peels the hell out of there, kicking up rocks and dust! The Guamians FIRE after them!

BULLETS IMPACT ALL ALL OVER CAR

taking out the tail-lights, the windshield, the headrests. The guys duck down til they're sufficiently far away. Then they sit up, amazed, out of breath.

STU
I can't believe you just saved my life!

VICK
I can't believe you just drove my car into Jimmy Lang!

Alan drives, his eyes as big as saucers.

STU
He's gonna be really upset!

ALAN
Yeah, I was just thinking that!

BACK ON JIMMY LANG

The huge mobster lies face-down on the desert floor. His two henchmen waddle up, highly concerned.

KIKIOLANI
Boss, Boss, you okay?!

Jimmy sputters into the dirt, furious.

JIMMY LANG
Find Vick... And kill him.

INT. VICK'S CAR -- DAWN

The guys race down the dusty highway in traumatized silence.

ALAN
Now can we call Tracy?

Vick frowns and blots his split lip with his sleeve.

WB / BAFTA

VICK
Yeah. It's probably time.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT -- LONE PAYPHONE -- DAWN

The guys pull up at a lone, dusty payphone in the middle of the desert. They all look at the phone.

ALAN
Who wants to make the call?

Beat. Then Vick reaches for his nose, odd man out. Stu and Alan immediately reach for their noses, too. It's close.

STU
That was you!

ALAN
What?! No! I beat you by a mile!

STU
Vick, who won?!

VICK
(frowning)
Actually...I should do it. This weekend was mostly my fault. I need to Man Up.

Alan looks shocked -- and impressed -- by Vick's newfound sense of responsibility.

ALAN
Well, I'll be damned...

Vick grabs the bottle of Patron, takes a long swig. Beat.

VICK
I still can't believe Stu banged my sister.

Vick hands the bottle to Alan, gets out, and makes for the pay phone...

CUT TO:

INT. BEL AIR BAY CLUB -- BRIDAL SUITE -- DAY

Tracy is putting on her makeup in the bridal suite. Her stern dad blows in.

MR. TURNER
Any word from *Doug?*

WB / BAFTA

The way he spits out “Doug” tells us all we need to know about how Mr. Turner feels about his future son-in-law.

TRACY
No, but I’m sure he’s--

Just then, Tracy’s CELL PHONE rings. She quickly answers it.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

VICK

In the desert, on the pay phone, looking through his busted aviators into the rising sun.

VICK
Tracy, it’s Vick.

TRACY
Hey Vick!

VICK
Listen, honey...The bachelor party got a little out of control and, well...we lost Doug.

TRACY
(her jaw dropping)
What?! But we’re getting married in like *four hours!*

VICK
Yeah, that’s not gonna happen...

BACK IN THE CAR

Alan starts to take a pull of Patron -- when he freezes, realizing something!

BACK TO VICK

on the phone with Tracy, being genuinely contrite.

VICK
Look, I’m really sorry, Trace. This is all my fault--

Suddenly, Alan flies out of nowhere and snatches the receiver out of Vick’s hand!

VICK (CONT’D)
What the--?!

WB/BAFTA

Alan gets on the phone with Tracy, his heart racing.

ALAN
Tracy, it's Alan! Hey, Vick is just joking around! We've got Doug right here!

Vick looks like: what?!

TRACY
(horrified)
What kind of joke is that?!

ALAN
I know, Vick is such a prick! We'll see you at the wedding! Bye!

Alan hangs up and races back to the car. Vick follows.

VICK
What are you doing?

ALAN
I know where Doug is!

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDAL SUITE -- DAY

Tracy stands in her bridal suite. Then she just BREAKS DOWN SOBBING. Her father hurries over, concerned...

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT -- DAY

Alan floors the car back onto the 15 towards Vegas, amped!

ALAN
Remember when we saw Doug's bed impaled on the griffin thing?!

STU
Yeah, we threw it out the window.

ALAN
No: the windows don't open, remember?!

VICK
So how did--?
(realizing)
Oh my God.

WB / BAFTA

STU
I don't get it.

ALAN
And that's why we've been seeing Doug's clothes all over Vegas! He was trying to signal someone!

VICK
I don't believe it...

STU
I-I still don't get it--

ALAN
And it totally jives with the timeline, right?! We brought Doug back to the hotel at 5:00, he was passed out...

VICK
It's so <u>obvious</u>!

STU
Not...to me...so much?

VICK
How'd you figure it out?!

ALAN
The <u>Patron</u>, man! It reminded me of our first drink of the night!

VICK
Honestly, dude, you're a genius.

STU
CAN SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME WHERE DOUG IS?!

VICK
He's on the <u>roof</u>!

Stu looks confused, the roof?

ALAN
After Doug passed out, we must've taken him up there in his bed as a prank, so he'd wake up on the roof or whatever? Then we forgot him.

VICK
And all day he's been throwing his crap off the roof, trying to signal someone to get him down!

WB / BAFTA

STU
You think he's still up there?!

ALAN
Only one way to find out...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MANDALAY BAY -- DAY

The guys peel up to the valet and sprint out of the car.

INT. MANDALAY BAY -- LOBBY -- DAY

The guys race through the lobby at top speed.

EXT. MANDALAY BAY -- ROOFTOP -- DAY

The guys burst out of the steel door, onto the massive black tar roof. It's empty.

ALAN
DOUG?! DOUG?!

VICK
WHERE ARE YOU, MAN?!

But Doug is nowhere to be seen. The guys start to despair...

Then...stepping out from behind an air-conditioning vent, naked except for tighty-whities, his entire body bright pink from sunburn...

IS DOUG!

And he looks *furious*. The guys run to him, overjoyed!

ALAN
DOUG!

STU
Oh my god, I'm so glad you're okay!

Before they can hug him, though, Doug holds up his hand, and whispers, nasty, parched:

DOUG
Don't...even...talk to me.

The guys stop short.

VICK
Okay, no, that's cool!

WB / BAFTA

STU
Yeah, you have every right to be upset! We validate your anger!

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "SUNDAY, 7:05AM"

EXT. MANDALAY BAY/INT. VICK'S CAR -- MORNING

The guys gingerly rush Doug, now in a Mandalay Bay bathrobe and clutching an arm-full of BOTTLED WATERS, through the hotel lobby. Alan is arguing into his cellphone.

As they pass ATASHIR at his desk, Vick yells over:

VICK
Why'd you do it, sweet Atashir?! Why did you betray us?!

ATASHIR
Because they paid me. And also because you're kind of racist.

VICK
Fair enough! See you next time, you beautiful Judas!

They blow out of the hotel...

EXT. MANDALAY BAY -- VALET -- CONTINUOUS

...where their beatup Caddy is waiting. Alan slams his cellphone shut, frowning.

ALAN
No flights to LA with empty seats!

STU
Well, we can't drive! It's 350 miles to LA and the wedding starts at 10, which is in--
(looking at watch)
--three hours!

Beat. Then Vick, Stu and Alan exchange a look...a smile slowly creeps across their faces.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE TOTALLED CADILLAC ROCKETING DOWN I-15

Vick is at the wheel, leaning on the HORN, keeping the three-doored Caddy at 110 miles per hour. When traffic gets thick, he doesn't hesitate to drive in the shoulder.

WB / BAFTA

In the backseat, Doug chugs bottled water, still simmering.

VICK
Look, Doug, I think I speak for everyone in the car when I say I'm really sorry about locking you on the roof of the hotel.

STU
You gotta admit, it's a pretty funny prank... I mean, up until the part when we forgot all about you.

Doug just stares out at the desert in stony silence.

STU (CONT'D)
He's still not talking to us.

ALAN
Totally understandable, man. Whenever you're ready...

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "SUNDAY, 9:15AM"

EXT. BEL AIR BAY CLUB -- DAY

Workers bustle about the grand lawn of the Bel Air Bay Club, putting the last touches on the outdoor wedding site.

It's beautiful: the royal palms, the expansive views of the Pacific, the white chairs in perfect rows, the altar adorned in roses. A HARPIST begins to warm up as well-heeled GUESTS filter in, finding their seats...

INT. BEL AIR BAY CLUB -- BRIDAL SUITE -- DAY

Tracy checks her watch as a HAIRSTYLIST works on her hair. Then she checks her watch again...

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "SUNDAY, 9:47AM"

EXT. INTERSTATE 10 -- DAY

A GARY'S TUXEDO VAN speeds up alongside the Caddy as they fly down the 10 freeway. A very nervous TEENAGER opens the van's sliding door and, wind whipping his face, throws a huge PACKAGE over to Alan, who stands and catches it! Vick nods at the van driver and shouts over the wind:

VICK
I OWE YOU, NEECO!

WB / BAFTA

The driver gives Vick a thumbs up, and heads off. Alan rips open the package -- inside are four TUXEDOS. The guys start taking off their tattered clothes...

CUT TO:

EXT. BEL AIR BAY CLUB -- DAY

All the seats at the wedding are filled. Everyone is there. Except the Groomsmen. Or the Groom. The harpist still plays, though she's starting to look a little pissed.

INT. BRIDAL SUITE -- DAY

Looking beautiful in her wedding gown, Tracy gazes out of the window at the perfect wedding arranged below...

Then she notices guests whispering, *is something wrong? Where's the groom?* She turns away, trying to hold it together...

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "SUNDAY, 10:03AM"

INT. VICK'S CAR/EXT. THE 10 FREEWAY -- DAY

The guys, now in their tuxes, rocket down the freeway, primping. Alan brushes his teeth, Doug tries to comb his hair, Stu flosses, and Vick shaves with an electric razor as he weaves in and out of traffic...

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "SUNDAY, 10:19AM"

INT. BRIDAL SUITE -- DAY

Tracy paces in the bridal suite. Then Mr. Turner enters.

MR. TURNER
I'm sorry, honey, but I think you need to seriously consider that Doug might not be coming...

Tracy stops short, speechless.

MR. TURNER (CONT'D)
Some men just aren't cut out for this kind of commitment. I'm so sorry that this is how you had to find out--

Just then, we hear a car SQUEALING UP outside...

WB / BAFTA

INT. BEL AIR BAY CLUB

The Bridesmaids sit around the posh lobby, waiting, anxious. Just then, the doors blow open and

VICK, ALAN, STU, AND DOUG

stride inside! Their tuxes are wrinkled, their hair is a mess, and the groom is bright pink -- but they're here.

VICK
Sorry, Mapquest took us a crazy route. We ready to do this thing?

The bridesmaids sit up, stunned.

CUT TO:

TRACY AND HER FATHER

walking down the aisle, arm-in-arm, as Mozart plays. Tracy looks tentative. Her father frowns, not at all happy...

IN THE AUDIENCE

Everyone smiles, AHHS, and snaps photos...

AT THE ALTAR

The groomsmen smile as well. Vick whispers to Doug:

VICK
She looks beautiful, man.

Doug still doesn't speak to him.

VICK (CONT'D)
That's cool. I get it.

TRACY

reaches the altar, then turns to her dad. His face is a mess of emotions. They hug.

TRACY
I love you, Daddy.

MR. TURNER
I love you too, pumpkin.

Tracy's Dad shoots Doug a nasty look before taking his seat in the first row.

Then Tracy approaches Doug at the altar, and whispers to him, angry, hurt:

WB / BAFTA

TRACY
Where <u>were</u> you? And why are you <u>pink</u>?

DOUG
It's a long story. All I can say is I'm <u>so</u> sorry. And I promise, for as long as we're married, I will <u>never ever</u> put you through something like this again.
(desperate, pleading)
Can... Can you forgive me?

Tracy studies his face, searching...

All the guests wait with bated breath...

The groomsmen wince, *come on come on come on...*

Then, unable to be mad at Doug, Tracy smiles and kisses him. He kisses her back. The guests all SIGH in relief. The groomsmen exhale, <u>whew</u>. Vick and Alan covertly knock fists.

The Minister clears his throat.

MINISTER
We, um, we traditionally wait til the <u>end</u> for the kiss...?

But Doug and Tracy just keep on kissing...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

DOUG AND TRACY STILL KISSING

at the reception. The entire wedding party is applauding.

CHAMPAGNE IS UNCORKED

and the WEDDING BAND kicks in. We are now down on the lawn, where white tables and a dance floor have been set up.

STANDING IN THE BACK OF THE RECEPTION

Vick, Stu, and Alan aggressively APPLAUD and WHISTLE for the bride and the groom.

VICK
We did it, fellahs. We pulled it off.

ALAN
I never had a doubt.

WB / BAFTA

They LAUGH. Alan smiles, more relaxed than we've ever seen him. They sip champagne and watch Doug and Tracy enjoy their first dance on the dance floor.

STU
You think Doug's ever going to talk to us again?

VICK
Give him time.

ALAN
Yeah. Like a decade or two--

Then Stu sees someone approaching over Alan's shoulder.

STU
Uh-oh.

The guys all look over to see

BECKY

Alan's girlfriend of 14 years, bearing down on them, irate.

VICK
Hey Beck--!

BECKY
Shut up, Vick! Alan, where the hell have you been?! I've been calling and calling! What, you don't answer your phone anymore?!

Alan shrinks down, back to being the chastised boyfriend.

ALAN
I-I'm so sorry, I can explain--

Then there's a WOMAN'S VOICE behind them.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Alan?

They all turn to see

CHASTITY

standing behind them in a very sexy, very elegant dress, her hair back. She cleans up nicely. Alan swallows, *whoa*.

VICK
This just got complicated...

WB/BAFTA

ALAN
Jennifer?

Chastity smiles that he called her by her real name.

CHASTITY
I-I know I wasn't invited, but I just had to return this...

She hands Alan his GRANDMOTHER'S HOLOCAUST RING. Becky watches on, stunned.

BECKY
Okay: who the hell is this chick, and why the hell does she have your Grandmother's wedding ring?!

Alan looks back and forth between Becky and Chastity...

It's the moment of truth. The fork in life's road...

BECKY (CONT'D)
Talk, you moron! Jesus, you're just like your mother! Talk! Who's the ho wearing *my* ring?!

And in that moment, it all becomes so clear. Alan turns:

ALAN
She's my wife.

Becky's jaw drops. Chastity smiles slightly. Stu and Vick grin, oh shit!

ALAN (CONT'D)
We don't make each other happy anymore, Beck. And we can keep not making each other happy for another 14 years -- hell, maybe even another 50 years -- but let's not. Let's find people who make our hearts race. Let's be excited and fun and alive again...

Alan looks at Becky, sincere, honest. Beat.

BECKY
Are you fucking kidding me?

Alan shakes his head, sadly, no.

ALAN
I'm sorry, Beck. I really am.
(to Chastity)
Can I buy you a free drink?

WB / BAFTA

Chastity smiles, takes his arm, and they walk off together towards the bar.

CHASTITY
We're not...actually...still married, are we?

ALAN
Let's start with dinner, and see where it goes...?

CHASTITY
(smiling warmly)
I'd like that.

BACK ON BECKY

She finally recovers enough to speak:

BECKY
Alan! Alan Steven Mervish, get back here this second!
(but Alan keeps walking)
Don't you walk away from me, you stupid little clown! I own you! GET BACK HERE IMMEDIATELY!

But Alan just keeps walking away with Chastity. Vick and Stu wave him on, go dude! Go!

Then Becky turns on them. Beat. They both scatter, terrified.

STAY WITH STU

as he hurries off through the crowd. After a moment, he hears:

VOICE
Daddy?!

Stu turns to see his TWO ANGELIC DAUGHTERS in sundresses racing through the crowd towards him! They leap into his arms, so excited to see him! He scoops them both up.

STU
Oh, I missed you guys so much!

HAYLEE
We missed you too, daddy!

KAITLIN
You're the best dad ever!

Beat.

WB / BAFTA

And then Stu just starts BAWLING. Tears everywhere.

His lovely wife ERIN appears, harried, a diaper bag over her shoulder, and sees him crying. She rolls her eyes.

ERIN
Jesus, are you still drunk?

Stu shakes his head, no, and keeps SOBBING as he pulls her into a big family hug...

INT. BEL AIR BAY CLUB -- MEN'S BATHROOM -- LATER

Vick, a cocktail in hand, his tie undone, heads into the men's room and approaches a urinal. Then KIKIOLANI and KALOLO FANALUA walk in behind him, still in their huge arm casts, still very pissed. Vick inhales, scared.

VICK
Okay, okay, I'll go with you. Just...don't ruin the wedding.

Then JIMMY LANG enters the bathroom on RED CRUTCHES.

JIMMY LANG
I really didn't want it to end like this, Vick.

Vick nods, resigned, and starts towards him. Then Jimmy extends his hand for Vick to shake.

JIMMY LANG (CONT'D)
Good luck.

VICK
(totally thrown)
Um, what...?

JIMMY LANG
Your friend Alan just paid your marker. Took out a second mortgage on his house. The full 200 grand, plus medical expenses, which I thought was a classy touch.

Vick looks blown away.

JIMMY LANG (CONT'D)
Without our friends, we are nothing, Vick. Remember that.

The three injured mobsters exit. Vick remains standing there, overwhelmed, his life literally saved...

DISSOLVE TO:

WB / BAFTA

VICK, STU, AND ALAN

standing on the cliffs overlooking the Pacific, drinks in hand, as the wedding reception rages on behind them.

VICK
I will pay you back, you know.

ALAN
Damn straight you will!

They all LAUGH.

VOICE BEHIND THEM
Okay, so what the hell happened this weekend?

The guys turn to see Doug approaching, smiling. They grin as he falls in with them, looking out at the calm blue ocean.

VICK
Well, Alan married a stripper, Stu went gay, and I learned a very important life lesson from an obese hoodlum.

STU
We'll tell you the whole story when you get back from your honeymoon.

ALAN
We really are sorry, man.

Doug nods, I know. Vick raises his cocktail.

VICK
To Doug and Tracy.

STU
To Doug and Tracy.

ALAN
To Doug and Tracy.

DOUG
To me and Tracy -- and to being here, with my three *former* best friends in the world...

The guys LAUGH.

DOUG (CONT'D)
There's nowhere else I'd rather be right now.

WB / BAFTA

They nod, heartfelt, hear-hear.

DOUG (CONT'D)
That said, let's not get too stupid tonight, okay? I'm going on my honeymoon in 24 hours...

The guys all nod reassuringly.

THE GUYS
No, no. / We'll be good. / *Totally*, dude.

The guys exchange a sly smile, CLINK glasses, then

CUT TO BLACK.

WB / BAFTA